THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Historical Society

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NAPANEE, ONTARIO, CANADA—THURSDAY, MAY 5th, 1925.

FACTS ABOUT TEA SERIES—No. 6

Appearance of Tea No Guide

The only way to test tea is to taste it. Many people have the idea that a finely rolled and tippy tea is superior in flavour to a large rough leaf. In reality this is not of necessity the case. The altitude at which the tea plant grows determines the amount of essential oil and alkaloid theine in the leaf. The essential oil gives tea its flavour; the theine contributes the stimulating value. The only way to insure always receiving a uniform quality is to insist upon a skilfully blended and scientifically sealed tea like "SALADA" whose reliability, goodness and delicious flavour have become a household word.

"SALADA"

Drs. Mullaley and Mullaley

CHIROPRACTORS

Electric and Light Therapy.
Centre street (south of Hooper's Drug Store.)
Hours: 10 a.m.-8 p.m.
Consultation free. Phone 301.

Use Satin Finish

HARDWOOD - FLOORING

and save the expense of scraping. It's finished before it is laid.
For estimates, etc., ask
PICTON WOODWORKING CO.
45-tf Picton.

Surveying and Engineering
T. H. WIGGINS, O.L.S.
Ontario Land Surveyor.
Municipal Engineering, Roads, Drainage Engineering, Subdivisions, Plans, Etc.
NAPANEE, ONT.
Phone 385. 15tf Box 139.

Belleville Nurseries!

—for—
—Hardy Shade and Ornamental Trees.
—Flowering Shrubs.
—Hedge Plants, Evergreens.
—Hardy Perennials in variety.
—Select varieties of Roses a specialty.
W. C. REID,
179 Dundas St.
BELLEVILLE, ONT. 15tf

DOXSEE & CO.

SPRING MILLINERY

A nice variety of new and attractive styles in Straw, Silk and Crepe effects, in the season's best shades, smartly trimmed with flowers, embroidery, laces, and ribbons, and shown in all the new shades.
Prices moderate.

HOSIERY

See our Silk Hose, in all the newest shades.
Good quality, including Black and White
at $1.00

THE CORSET A SPECIALTY

The Leading Millinery House

Clothes of Quality!
Reasonable Prices
—Over 300 Patterns to select from
—New Twills, New Serges.
—New Worsteds.
—All Ready-to-Wear Suits
—Tailored-to-Order.
for Men and Boys.
W.W.ADAMS
Merchant Tailor.
Newburgh, - Ont.

A "Want Adv." in the columns of The Express brings results.

TO RENT—North half of brick house on North street. Apply J. A. CLIFF, Robert street. 23-ap

HOUSE TO RENT—All modern conveniences. Bridge street east. Apply to BLAKE HUYCK. 23-bp

LOVERS IDEAL LETTER CUBES—Sweethearts for everybody. (stamp). Dorla Dawn, Station H., Cleveland, Ohio. 18-tf

HOUSE FOR SALE—Frame house on the corner of Bridge and East Sts. Apply to MRS. GEO. H. PERRY, Box 128. 21-d

WANTED—At once, Alsike seed in quantities. Highest market price paid. Bring in a sample. GEO. E. WINTER, Dundas St.

FOR SALE—Best varieties of Strawberry Plants, at $5.00 and $6.00 per 100. Child THOMPSON, R. R. No. 5, Napanee. 22-bp

WANTED—Man with car for special work. Good future and fair money to start. Apply CHAS. RUTTER, 288, Napanee, to-night 21-cp

ALWAYS a number of farms and houses in town for sale. Owners may also list property for sale at low terms. No sale, no charge. T. B. GERMAN, Barrister, Napanee, Ont. 6-tf

FOR SALE—Farm, 225 acres, more or less, of late R. A. Fowler, M.P.P., and summer home, 2 acres, more or less, of late Daniel Fowler, R.C.A., Amherst Island. Apply U. M. WILSON, Napanee, Ontario. 22-tf

PLANTS FOR SALE—Columbia Raspberries and leading varieties of Strawberries. Write or phone R. P. JOYCE, Napanee, R. R. No. 3, Phone 230-r2. For information or supply call at Scrimshaw's grocery. 20-tf

FOR SALE—Brick home of the late George A. Blewett, West Street, bath, electric light, hardwood floors, furnace, barn, garage and garden. Also part of vacant lot north side of Mill street. Apply to U. M. WILSON, solicitor, Napanee. 18-tf

WOMEN AND MEN RAISING MINK WITH PROFIT

Mink fur scarce, expensive; splendid opportunity to make money. Great pets, easily raised, backyard or farm, running water unnecessary. Cheap home-made pens, fed two ounces ordinary food once daily. Families 2-8, figure profits from ten females. Booklet for beginners on buying stock, building pens, feeding, breeding, care and management. Price 60c. A. MacLAREN, Box 633, Ottawa, Canada.

TIRES!
Gutta Percha
Cross Cord
Oversize
30 x 3½
$10.95
Bath Garage

The new French Enamel White Paint is the greatest advance in paint manufacturing of recent years. Absolutely will not turn yellow. One coat covers where two are ordinarily required and it costs no more. Ask for a demonstration at WALLACE'S, Napanee, Agents.

WHO WOULD BENEFIT BY A PULPWOOD EMBARGO

A campaign for a pulpwood embargo goes merrily on. All the arguments in its favor have, indeed, been met again and again. But as often as they are repeated it is perhaps worth while to repeat the reply.

A twofold appeal is made to us. (1) that we should conserve our natural resources in timber; (2) that we should show ourselves patriots by supporting Canadian against American industry. These are plausible reasons. If a pulpwood embargo could serve either object, without doing more harm of another kind at the same time, we should welcome it.

So we are presented with a fearful picture of Canadian forests being progressively denuded, and American operators reaping a golden harvest at our expense. The suggestion is that export of pulpwood is the cause to be blamed. Impressive—even final—if it were only true. But the weakness of the story lies just here, that there is no truth in the most trifling degree due to the cutting of pulpwood, that it is due in no appreciable degree at all to pulpwood exportation, and that the proposed embargo—so far from stopping American gains at Canada's expense—would rather deprive Canadian woodland owners of a business with the British Empire. It is easy to estimate than the exportation of wheat from prairie farms or the exportation of apples from the Annapolis Valley.

To all the "sound and fury" about imaginary advantages from an embargo we reply with a few quite definite questions. We ask the champions of the scheme to tell us (1) whether it is not a fact that the prevailing opinion expressed by forestry experts places the real source of timber impoverishment in the ravages of fire or insect pests, and in improper methods of cutting or utilization; (2) whether the area over which pulpwood can at present be exported from privately owned woodlands is not so insignificant in extent as to make the consequences so freely attributed to this export greatly exaggerated; (3) whether every reason alleged for prohibiting the export of pulpwoods is not equally strong for prohibiting the export of raw lumber. These are questions which, we think, should be put again and again. We apologize to readers who must feel tired of seeing them in print, but our defense is that they have never yet been answered, and that the champions of embargo profess to base their demands on assertions just as if such questions had never been asked. They are questions that go to the very root of the matter, however, and the reason why they are not answered is just that they are—for embargo advocates—unanswerable. Their prolonged silence with which they have been met should be more suggestive than columns of argument.

With no good reasons in their favor, and strong reasons against it them, why do these propagandists stick so tenaciously to their case? We think we can guess the reason. They are urging a government interference with trade, for the sake of what they call "conservation." But though the conservation-value of such a move would be trifling, its benefit to certain interests would be enormous. Limit the market within which any trader may sell his goods, and you at once compel him to accept whatever price the buyers in that narrow market may determine. If the private owners of woodland just now within their local customers are offering too little, they can seek better terms across the line. But once an embargo is placed on exportation, they are at the mercy of a group of paper mills which may easily form a "ring" and buy their material, not on the ordinary business terms of what the seller is willing to accept, but on the artificially contrived terms of what the seller is forced to accept.

That there would be a sudden rush of American capital to establish mills in Canada is in the last degree doubtful. But that there would be an immediate drop in the price of pulpwood to our local mills is as certain as any economic forecast can be. And it is the proprietors of local mills who are thus furious zealots for "conservation" and "patriotism."

ECONOMIST.

BATH.

Messrs. Fred McGuin, of Napanee, and Clarence McGuin, of Kingston, spent Sunday last with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. William McGuin.

Mrs. Geo. Davy and Geo. Davy, Jr., spent Sunday last at Frank Mellow's, Napanee.

Mrs. E. N. Joye, of Toronto, is spending some weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Bath.

Hope Swayne, who has been attending Trinity College, Toronto, is visiting this week at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Swayne, at St. John's Rectory.

Mr. Swayne and friend, of Carleton Place, are the guests of Rev. W. T. and Mrs. Swayne at St. John's Rectory.

Mrs. Creighton, of Hawley, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Loyst, has returned home.

Harry Mott, who has been quite ill, is improving.

A Bargain!!

One only electric washing machine, exceptional value, at a money-saving price of at least $50.00. See it at

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

OUR PREMIER PROVINCE

New York newspapers gave details in recent issues of the $20,000,000 Ontarion loan floated on that market. Of this amount half will fall due next year, and the other half in 1927; so that the liability really takes the form of short term notes. The rate of interest was four per cent., which rather encourages the hope that re-financing will be practicable on the part of the Dominion and the province as opportunity and maturity dates of outstanding bonds may permit. The only feature of the matter which is distressing relates to the addition this last loan will make to an already fearsome provincial indebtedness. Very clearly, Ontario has urgent need of more capable and prudent administrators.

Ontario is first among the provinces in population, industrial strength, and wealth. She has peculiar advantages, both natural and geographical. Her potentialities are unreckonable. Her place is a growing Dominion would be analagous to that of New York State in the American union. That is to say, Ontario would always reflect the growth of the country at large. Nature and her position would join to give her that great sweep of opportunity.

But no man who uses his brains can fail to see that there is another side to the Ontario book. Nature and the virile genius of her people may have given singular advantages to the province; but Ontario has been in bad hands for the past twenty years, and is now, when the need for statesmanship is imperative and insistent, she is in the worst hands in her whole history. On everything that emenates from Toronto there is the stamp of recklessness and indifference to popular will.

It is a platitude that the political opponents of the dominant party will criticise in a hostile spirit, impute improper motives and so on. That is why this paper often hesitates to call attention to the situation by which Ontario is now confronted. But facts are stern things; and it is fair plain and indubitable fact with respect to Ontario which leave the question of partisan prejudice entirely aside.

Up to 1905 Ontario had grown enormously in all that makes for genuine strength. Industries had multiplied. Cities and towns had advanced rapidly in numbers. Prosperity was everywhere evident. No country in the world had done better. This conspicuous growth, however, was contemporaneous with prudence on the part of the Government of Toronto. Public needs were fully met out of an expenditure which, during the thirty-eight years following Confederation, had not doubled. That is to say, it moved up very slowly from $3,000,000 to $5,000,000. The provincial debt was under $10,000,000.

Then a great change occurred. Conditions were peculiarly favourable for economy; yet expenditure began to leap. In ten years it had grown from $5,300,917 to $12,703,363. At the same time, debt also began to jump, at first by millions and then by tens of millions. Adding aside liabilities on account of the Hydro Electric Commission, the debt of the province today, including borrowings through the savings banks, exceeds $200,000,000. Expenditure has now reached $47,000,000 per annum.

It is impossible to ignore the fact that this great and adverse change began with the accession of a Conservative administration to power. Had the Liberals remained at the helm, it is a reasonable assumption that their business would not have occurred. We would not have had senseless parsimony; but we would have had that measure of prudence which is a tradition of Liberalism. Ontario would not be in the alarming position she occupies to-day, with taxation eating at the vitals of the province and levying heavily and hurtfully on the savings of the people. No one whose memory carries him back through all or part of the long bifocal regime can for a moment doubt that.—Whig.

CAMDEN EAST.

The past few days have been fine and the people are busy cleaning house, making gardens and the farmers are busy on the land seeding, planting and some beautifying their lawns.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Wright spent Sunday last at Switzerville with her brother, Mr. Walter Silvers and Mrs. Silvers.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Parrott, of Switzerville, spent Sunday last in the village with Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Black.

Mr. and Mrs. James Youmans spent Sunday afternoon at Desmond with her sister, Mrs. Fred Switzer and Mr. Switzer and little daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hinch, of Kingston, motored here on Saturday afternoon last to see his mother, Mrs. John Burgoyne, and spent a few of their old friends in the village.

Mr. Marshall Hinch is improving his property by a new cement walk in front and a new porch over the front door; also Mrs. John Burgoyne has a new cement walk at her front door.

Mr. Salisbury and Mr. Huff met with the misfortune of breaking springs and a wheel while drawing milk to the Napanee Condensary.

The Camden East paper mills are getting ready for paper making.

Mrs. J. W. Perry returned to Camden East last week, after spending over three months in Iroquois Falls with her daughter, Mrs. Howard Hill, (nee Helen Perry) and family.

WHAT IS THE W. C. T. U.?

"The organized mother love of the world" was the happily phrased designation of the founder of the world's W.C.T.U., Miss Willard. "For God and Home and Native Land" being the accepted slogan. Miss Willard on one occasion, with the splendid vision of the great confederation of womanhood, took her pen and passing it through one word, the future watchword became "For God and Home and Every Land."

Every White Ribbon wife, family, ar with what Miss Willard called the "Do Everything" policy of the Union, which includes over 46 departments in its curriculum, divided into the following general divisions: Preventive, Educational, Evangelistic, Social, Legal and Organization.

These shall be in charge of superintendents specially fitted for the work of their respective departments, who shall be nominated by the Executive Committee.

Organization is not the Temperance reform, but the Temperance reform should be in every-thing.—Miss Willard.

Every question of practical philanthropy has its temperance aspect, and with that the W. C. T. U. has always dealt. This "Do Everything" policy has not a deliberate choosing but an evolution, as one of the early pioneers said: "No other association of philanthropic workers has touched so many springs of praise and blame, of love and hate and become equally distinguished for the friends it has won and the enemies it has made."—Miss Willard.

Cursed at the bar of the legalized dram shop, hissed on the floor of the brewer's congress, scorned by conventions of political parties, misrepresented by the press, foiled in prayer to the halls of legislation, careered at in places of fashion where the wine glass tempts to destroy, "But on the other hand, blessed by the fevered lips of the drunkard ready to perish, sought by the wandering feet of the lost girl who went astray, hallowed by loving thoughts at thousands of firesides, baptized with holy tears by the mothers who battle it in prayer, perfumed by the prayers of little children, endorsed by the expressed principles of organized Christianity, sustained by the highest and freshest authorities in the scientific world, praised by all as a noble cause, through statesmanlike speech believed in by the best, trusted by the most powerful ballot, and loved in use also to find the 'Love of Love'."

Much of the present sentiment regarding the trade is a tribute due to the educational work of the W.C.T.U. Scientific instruction was introduced into the United States schools over forty years ago. The result is seen in the United States to-day. Canada followed with the fruit witnessed in the changed attitude toward the whole traffic by the young people of the present generation.

Miss Willard, who was National President of the W.C.T.U., conceived the idea of the world-wide federation of woman, and in 1875 first mentioned her aspiration. It is a wonderful story of the fruit of faith and prayer how the great scheme was organized.

The great polygot petition for home protection, signed by seven million persons, was sent out on its mission of inspiration and enlightenment. It was in 1884 first presented at the international Temperance Congress in Antwerp, Belgium.

Afterwards, in Boston and in Washington, it draped the walls of a great hall seating 7,000 people. Ribbons of white were sent to every land around the world, and the petition was the expression of the purpose of the women of the world-wide Home Protection.

In 1879 Miss Willard declared for the ballot in the hands of the women and during the following years the Union has been holding and training public opinion in favor of this advance, and teaching its members how to use it effectively, as a non-party means of achieving those changes for which the Society has worked so faithfully.

The "white life for two" was Miss Willard's unique expression of the standard which to-day newer reformers are trying to uplift.

The Union was founded in Canada in July, 1874. Mrs. Letitia Youmans, that noble pioneer organizer, was the first Dominion President. The W.C.T.U. is organized in every province in Canada, in every city and town, and is carrying on its multitudinous departments with success.

ODESSA.

Mrs. Mancur, who has been spending the winter with friends in Toronto, returned to Odessa last week.

The roads throughout the country are soon to have an overhauling, as the engineer has been over the rough spots and all are glad that the road gangs have put them in shape for the season.

The road to Yraker from Odessa is bad, especially the first few miles leading from Odessa. The road from the lake shore, which is a very beautiful motor run, is also to get a few touches in the bad spots.

The Women's Missionary Society of the Odessa Methodist Church realized a goodly sum of money from the concert and pageant of Wonderful Women at the Odessa Town Hall on Friday evening last. The evening's entertainment was in charge of a number of ladies from Kingston. The visitors were handsomely entertained by the local society in the church after the entertainment.

Mr. S. J. Sproule, the genial proprietor of the Dominion Hotel at Odessa, has sold out his business. Mr. Sproule proposes retiring from active business and will build a residence in Odessa.

A FAMOUS ROOF GARDEN

FOUND ON ROOF OF THE LOUVRE IN PARIS.

Plombier en Chef, In 1853, Converts Leads Over the Colonnade Into a Garden—Planted Flowers, Shrubs, Orchard and Kitchen Garden.

The most famous roof-garden in the world is to be found on the leaden roof of the Louvre, in Paris. In addition to the usual shrubs and flowers found in such gardens, fruit and vegetables thrive on the roof of the Louvre.

In 1853 the chief custodian of the Louvre leads pined for some means wherby he might utilize his leisure, and, at the same time, beautify the large expanse of flat roof in his charge. One fine day the plombier en chef was struck by the idea to convert the leads over the Colonnade into a roof garden.

"Figure to yourself," said he to a sympathetic friend, "the space is here, the blessed sun shines in abundance, and I have water to spare. Why, then, I not construct a roof-garden, which, besides being the joy and pride of our belle France, will become a monument to French industry for all time?"

At first the scheme hung fire, the powers-that-be, from whom permission had to be obtained, objecting strongly to the innovation. Not, in fact, till yards of red tape had been expended upon the tying-up of a voluminous correspondence dealing with the subject and covering a lengthy period, did the guardian of the leads receive a favorable reply. First, however, all sorts of restrictions were imposed upon him, only when he had undertaken to refrain from laying down earth on the sanctified roof was the desired permission finally accorded.

Commencing in a small way, the amateur gardener first turned his attention to shrubs, placing them in tubs. Shrubs, however, afforded little scope, even though much success was obtained with flowering varieties, and the industrious plumber bethought himself of flowers. A number of long, wide boxes were procured, and in them the proud owner of the garden reared pelargoniums, violets, primroses, half a dozen different kinds of carnations, sweet peas, sunflowers, lily of the valley, and so forth. Rose bushes also repaid the loving care bestowed upon them, while fruit-trees, bending beneath the vast depth of the boxes suitable to their particular needs, flourished exceedingly.

Flowers and fruit, imported from exotic Mediterranean shores, took root, thus adding to the interest of the "Joli Jardin aerien tout riant," as George Sand in her aptly described it in his delightful Nouvelles Promenades dans Paris.

Having made the most of shrubs and flowers, the excellent plumber-gardener determined to embark upon a tiny orchard. So, ordering more boxes, he planted in them nursling trees from Poissy, which, alas! at first refused to bloom. Indeed, not for some seasons could so much as a single modest bud be seen, and the proprietor of the delightful plumber-in-chief to find the blossoms bursting through their coverings, and in due course the cherries, pears and apples ripened. For the past few years the orchard has done all that could be expected of it. In fact, several kinds of eating and cooking apples are grown upon the roof of the Louvre, each being an admirable specimen of its kind.

First the apple, then the vine. Experiments were made, and for some time the grower drained the cup of disappointment to its dregs. Eventually, however, he hit upon the right variety, and his table was laden with grapes cultivated on the premises.

In moments of confidence the present plombier en chef admits that the fruit lacks flavor; but upon ordinary occasions honest pride reduces her acidity. Of late, attempts have been made to induce peaches, apricots, greengages, plums and figs to grow, and with disappointing results.

After the roof-garden had been in existence for some years, the plumber, prior to retiring from the official position which he had so long adorned, determined to hand down a kitchen-garden to the custodian appointed to succeed him. Having obtained permission from the authorities to extend the scope of his activities, he ordered more boxes, and before many moons had waxed and waned, black-red, and white currants, strawberries, and raspberries, which usually require even more fresh air than a roof-garden affords, greeted the aged gardener's enchanted gaze. Lettuces thrive there; peas almost sprout for the mere asking; and a miniature asparagus bed has repaid the attention bestowed upon it.

So succulent is the Louvre asparagus that, at the time of his departure, the gardener-plumber petitioned the Government to allow him an additional roof-space in which to lay down a second asparagus-bed—or, rather, box. But the kind-hearted authorities declined to oblige their old servant—though they consoled him with a welcome pension. The plumber, however, did not live long to enjoy it. His thoughts ever were of the forbidden asparagus.

Saved From Bull Rushes.

The backwoods preacher was explaining to his congregation how Pharaoh's daughter found Moses in the bulrushes.

"Bredren an' sistern, were was little Moses in dat basket wid dem wild cattle surroundin' him an' yellin' an' pawin' de ground. But Pharaoh's daughter was brave. Forchi' her way through dem ragin' animals, she grabbed up little Moses, an' dat's how she saved him from de bull rushes."

TOWN COUNCIL

Council Chamber,
May 4th, 1925.

Council met in regular session on Monday evening.

Present—Mayor Ming, presiding; Reeve Graham and Councillors Roy, Dunbar, Simpson, Jewell, Mallett, Marcellus.

Minutes of last regular meeting were read and confirmed.

A communication was read from the Ontario Municipal Electrical Association, giving details of a meeting held in Toronto on a recent date, also fixing fee for this corporation becoming associated with this organization. Ordered filed.

Mr. Jas. Poulin in a communication to council, made application for a bowling alley license.

On motion the council expressed itself in favor of granting Mr. Poulin a license, and the Printing and By-law Committee were instructed to bring in a by-law fixing the license fee for a bowling alley at the next meeting of council.

Coun. MacGregor, chairman of the Finance Committee, submitted to the Council a detailed statement of receipts and expenditures to date; also a list of amounts spent by the different committees to date. He also referred to the outstanding taxes.

Moved by Coun. MacGregor, seconded by Reeve Graham, that the Collector be instructed to return his roll by May 15th, and that the collector notify all parties in arrears that the taxes must be paid in cash.—Carried.

Mr. Wilreid S. Wilson, representing the Board of Commerce, addressed the council and recommended the appointment of a committee to confer with the town's publicity agents at different points around the town.

Coun. Simpson, chairman of the Fire, Water and Light Committee, presented a report recommending that this council enter into negotiations with the various firms doing business as fire apparatus manufacturers, with a view to purchasing one fire truck, with sundry equipment as may to the council seem most satisfactory, and that this equipment be mounted upon a one and one-half ton truck chassis, of a type deemed to be approved of by the council.

Report adopted.

On motion the Fire, Water and Light Committee were instructed to get in touch with the different makers of motor fire trucks and Myron Hood has been given way in the market for a fire truck.

Reeve Graham, chairman of Street Committee, presented a report in reference to matters pertaining to street work. He reported that he had received from Hon. Peter Dougherty, of the Highways a price for crushed stone, which the town needed, namely $1.40 per cubic yard, and the lowest tenders for street watering was 15c. per gallon, applied, the amount to be used being 23,000 gallons. That the lowest tender of Boyle & Son for sewer tile had been the lowest and that in had been awarded the contract.

Report adopted.

On motion the Mayor and Clerk were authorized to sign the street oiling contract.

The question of changing the specifications of the contract for the biscuit factory was left in the hands of the Town Property Committee and within a few years the orchard has done all that could be expected of it. In fact, several kinds of eating and cooking apples are grown upon the roof of the Louvre, each being an admirable specimen of its kind.

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Council adjourned.

SILLSVILLE.

Much sympathy is expressed for Mr. Wm. Mellow, of Deseronto, who is very ill in a Kingston hospital. He is well-known here, being a near relative of Mr. A. W. Mellow.

A vocal concert of the finest order was given in the church on Tuesday evening by the Deseronto Choral Society. The church was filled with an appreciative audience. No doubt as many more would have been out only for the rush of work on the farms at this season. The proceeds were $56.85. The Ladies' Aid are truly grateful to them for so generously helping as well as giving such a fine musical treat.

Your Lawn.

Must be kept neat and trim. See our new Woodgait Lawn Mowers, Shears, Lawn Hose.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Wagons for sale—See the Mills Co's Adv.

ON PARLIAMENT HILL

Ottawa, April 25th, 1925.—Talk records continue to be broken. That is the length of the talk and then umber of talkers on the Budget proposals submitted to the House some days ago by Hon. James A. Robb, Acting Minister of Finance, are in process of breaking the records for a Budget debate. Loquacious members are getting on record in Hansard, the parliamentary phonograph, which records all they say. I believe will be useful when the next general election occurs. Were Hansard to fail to record those Budget speeches they would not be made. It is probable that when the present vocal wrestling match concluded on April 30, at least 130 members of the House will have contributed to the debate, and some arithmetically-inclined people around Parliament Hill have already computed the number of millions of words spoken, the miles of Hansard paper occupied and the vast sum of public money required to talk. With few exceptions the attendance in the House has been slim, and the chamber, as compared with livelier days, seems to resemble a theatre with only the actors present ,the audience having departed for other entertainment.

SOME WORTH-WHILE SPEECHES.

It must be remembered, however, that there have been two or three worth-while times in the House this week. Every week manages to produce at least one little thrill. This week's was sedged on Monday and had a fiery aftermath on Tuesday. Joseph Archambault, (Chambly-Vercheres), a sharp debater from Quebec, crossed swords on Monday with Mr. Meighen, leader of the Opposition, and the charges made last Fall by Sir Arthur Currie, now Principal of McGill University, Montreal, and Commander in Chief of the Canadian forces in the war. Sir Arthur had made some startling charges of extravagance and waste in connection with the raising and maintenance of the Canadian troops and Mr. Archambault urged that these should be brought to the attention of those of the present Conservative membership of the House who were then associated with the Government. Mr. Meighen, who was impatient of Sir Arthur's criticism and of Mr. Archambault's repetition of them, challenged or demanded an enquiry into these charges and suggested that Sir Arthur was not so ready for an enquiry as the present Opposition.

During his speech on Monday Mr. Archambault had some pertinent things to say, too, about the tariff and the Robb Budget. The best reason for concluding that this Budget is a sound and reasonable one is that it has failed to please the extreme wings of this House," said Mr. Archambault. "It does not please the high protectionists and it also does not please the free trader. The Budget reminds me of the attitude of Sir Wilfrid Laurier on racial and religious questions. The Tories of Ontario used to say that Sir Wilfrid wanted French and Catholic domination, and at the same time in Quebec they were stating that Sir Wilfrid was betraying his race and religion. The principle that Sir Wilfrid Laurier did follow should apply to the fiscal policy, and I can see in this Budget the embodiment of that principle. Our geographical situation is such that it is impossible to please everybody, and I agree to adopt a firm determination to adopt a policy of give and take, a policy of conciliation, if will mean policy of confederation. Confederation.

THE MIDDLE COURSE IS BEST

An interruption by D. H. Kennedy (West Edmonton), evoked from Mr. Archambault a repartee with an epigram that should be preserved. Mr. Archambault had said that he supported the tariff set up in 1911 with respect to farm products and that he was still in favor of that policy. Then Mr. Kennedy asked, "Would you also be in favor of reducing the duties on products coming into Canada from the United States which are lower than ours, as in the case of boots and shoes?" To this Mr. Archambault replied, "Yes, in agricultural products, absolutely. In my opinion free trade and high protection are not my policies. Free trade is a pious dream ; high protection is a fit of hunger."

FUTURE OF THE PROGRESSIVES

A prediction that the Progressive party in Ontario would come back strong after the next Federal election was made during the week by John W. King (North Huron). "The Progressive party" he said, "is a thing of the past, retiring party, and we have been subjected to political thrusts, some of them not very clean, from all quarters of the House and from our own side ; but I desire to affirm right here, that not only will the Progressive party be back after the next election, but will come back more than a mere remnant—more than a sad remnant. The Liberal party will be here to do business and will do business in this House after all the other members, I dare say to say, had passed into oblivion, but I do not say that because I have any desire to see a great many members of this House whose names will go down in the annals of Canadian history. The Progressive party has its roots in the soil and they will not be very easily eradicated."

THE PRIME MINISTER AND NATIONAL UNITY.

A high tribute to the contributions the Prime Minister has made from time to time in centering together the various and diverse economic parts of this country was paid by W. G. Raymond (Brantford) who in urging the need of consolidation and compromise and of co-operation if the unity of this Dominion was to be preserved, said amidst applause: "If that spirit is to be carried out, if those rifts which some say exist in Confederation, are to be healed, if there is any hope of keeping together the provinces and having them united in a happy and progressive country I certainly believe that the Prime Minister is the man, who in the spirit he has shown throughout his life is most likely to be effective in bringing about that great national ideal."

In urging that the people of Canada be thrown wide open to the immigrants from Europe and populate this country as quickly as possible without restriction S. W. Jacobs (Montreal) propounded some novel ideas in the House on Thursday and uttered some characteristic witticisms. A fair sample is contained in his concluding remarks. "If the country is not going only a little way out from the cities and towns it is going to be a country of wilderness for all time. We have to allow the people to go wherever they want to go. If they find they are not fitted for farming, they will go elsewhere. We have a continent to fill up. Surely it offers possibilities to every person who comes in. If a man's place is not a success as farmer my become a member of Parliament."

Angus McDonald (Pictou),musing suggested that the party with that doctrine should be called the Jacobs party, to which Mr. Jacobs retorted, "The origin of Jacob had only twelve sons and he went to Egypt and was a success there."

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Here and There

The Good Roads Department of Manitoba expects to complete the Trans-Canada Highway through that province by October the first. This will complete the road from Brandon west to the Saskatchewan boundary.

The city of Halifax, N.B., is planning to re-establish its Provincial Exhibition this coming fall according to Mayor Murphy. The fair has only been held once or twice since the war prior to which it was an annual event.

The Canadian Trade Commissioner at Liverpool, England, is taking steps to interest Canadian business men in the export of crushed oyster shells to Great Britain. The United States exports 20,000 tons of crushed shells annually to the British Isles.

The official opening of Crystal Garden, Victoria's latest and finest Amusement Park will take place on June 26th. Celebrations, including a ball, processions, and sports, will mark the occasion and are scheduled to continue until July 1st.

Navigation on the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence is now open and has provided employment for hundreds of men from Montreal, Toronto and other cities who have been idle during the winter. Shipping circles are optimistic concerning the season just commenced.

It is announced that the Banff, Alberta, Pow-Wow and Indians Day celebration which takes place annually, will be held this year, July 23 and 24 in the Yoho Valley. On these days the Stoney tribe of Indians in full regalia, hold their Pow-Wow and compete in contests of every kind.

There are approximately 2,200,000 persons attending school in this country. Of this number, 1,600 are in institutions for the blind and mute; 81,000 at vocational schools or classes; 14,000 at Indian schools and the remainder attend colleges, universities, subsidized and private schools and institutions for training teachers.

With a view to arranging a new trade and transportation agreement between Canada and the British West Indies a conference is to be held at Ottawa in June which will be attended by representatives of the Governments of Canada, Bermuda, Leeward and Windward Islands, Barbadoes, Trinidad, British Guiana, Jamaica and British Honduras.

The gold mines of northern Ontario are said to have yielded a higher income during the first quarter of 1925 than in any similar period in their history. Estimates place the income of mining companies in the Porcupine district at nearly six million dollars and in the Kirkland District at one and a quarter millions.

John Hartney, Canadian Pacific Railway engineer, who has recently completed his 42nd year in the company's service, was the guest of honor at a banquet given by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers on St. George's Day at Smiths Falls, Ont. Mr. Hartney, is President Beatty's special engineer and was presented with a gold cane.

In an effort to individualize the name of Saint John, N.B., the City Corporation, Board of Trade, and other organizations are in future to spell its name out in full. This port has grown rapidly in importance in recent years and in addition to being the winter headquarters of the fleet of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is also a port of call for numerous lines operating between Canada and Europe, as well as the centre of a large fishing industry.

Obeyed Orders.

She was tired of receiving visitors, so instructed the stage-doorkeeper to say to all callers: "Miss Binks is not in."

Then if they say they have an appointment with you?" asked the man.

"Just say, 'They all say that,'" she ordered.

Soon a young man called to see the actress and was told she was not in.

"I know better than that! You tell Miss Binks her husband is here, and that he wants to take her out to dinner."

"Huh!" said the doorkeeper. "They all say that!"

A Horse's Tail.

When a horse is struck on the back with a whip it switches the spot with its tail. The horse knows it is a whip and not an insect, but the reflective muscles of its tail are so highly developed that it instinctively switches before the horse has time to telegraph the true state of affairs to its brain.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

BY REV. C. G. TRUMBULL.
(Editor of The Sunday School Times).

PHILIP AND THE ETHOPIAN TREASURER.

Sunday, May 10—Acts 8 : 26-39.

Golden Text—The entrance of Thy words giveth light. (Psa. 119 : 130).

God sometimes calls a man away from the work of reaching multitudes to give his whole time to reaching just one needy individual. The late Henry Clay Trumbull, for many years editor of The Sunday School Times, wrote the equivalent of more than thirty volumes, and accustomed to addressing large audiences, said toward the close of his life that he could see much greater results from his "individual work for individuals" in reaching men for Christ than in all his public speaking, and writing of books, and editing of a paper going to more than a hundred thousand. If we persistently reach people one by one we are sure of reaching many.

Certain it is that the Lord arbitrarily called Philip away from a great revival that was sweeping the entire city and told him of his time and attention to an individual. The Lord sent him south toward the desert. Philip shall never be in a spiritual desert while we are doing God's will.

Philip's individual, prayerful, soul-winning was one of the highest officials in a kingdom in Africa, treasurer of the Queen of the Ethiopians. He was one of the "not many mighty, not many noble," who are "called" of God to reveal life who accept the call (I Cor. 1 : 26). Some one has well said that we should be thankful that that word "many" begins with the "m" and that there are not "nay" in it, not any "n" in it, not any noble are called." Even so, we can be thankful that God will guide us every step of the way if we are willing to be led by the guidance. Philip was showed Philip the region to which he was to go, but He said, "Go near and join thyself to this chariot."

Effective soul-winners always seek and find a good point of contact. "Understandest thou what thou readest?"

The record tells us that the Ethopian was reading from the wonderful fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. It is one of the most marvellous descriptions of Christ, and of His vicarious substitutionary atonement in the entire Bible. Yet a Bible teacher in a well-known woman's college in the South belonging a few years ago, teaching at one of the famous summer camps for young women, said that in the 53 of Isaiah, of course, some people who still believe that this Old Testament passage refers to Christ and His sufferings, but we of today know better than that.

The Holy Spirit, who inspired the words of that chapter of Isaiah, even as He was telling Philip exactly what to say to the Ethiopian, here tells us the meaning of Isaiah's prophecy. The Ethiopian had been reading these words :

He was led as a sheep to the slaughter, and like a lamb dumb before his shearers, so opened He not His mouth.

With directness the Ethiopian asked Philip : "Of whom speaketh the prophet this ? Of himself, or some other man?"

It has been well said that if we do not find Christ in every book and chapter of the Bible, we fail in our understanding of the message. Philip did not fail, for "he began at the same scripture, and preached unto him Jesus." No other Person than the Lord Jesus Christ fulfills every statement in that fifty-third of Isaiah.

God was guiding the Ethiopian as surely as Philip, and he saw the truth with God-given, spiritual discernment. When they came to water he told Philip of his longing to be baptized.

Philip did not make the mistake that is so often made today and run the risk of mistaking for official interest for intelligent, saving faith. He asked this searching question, "If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest."

Then comes one of the greatest replies in the entire Bible, as the Ethiopian answered, "I believe, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God."

Oh, the joy that must have welled up in Philip's heart as he heard those words! Isaiah, like the gospel of John, was "written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God ; and that believing ye might have life through His name." The Ethiopian had passed from death unto life. At the word of command the chariot stood still, and the two men "went down both into the water.....and he baptized him. The Holy Spirit had already baptized the Ethiopian into Christ, and the water baptism was the outward sign of this.

Philip's commission was fulfilled, and at once we read, the Spirit of the Lord caught him away, and the Ethiopian "saw him no more." But the man from Africa was not lonely. A greater than Philip had come to abide with him forever, even unto the end of the age ; "and he went on his way rejoicing."

Pessimists, Please Note.

How often do we hear old people say that the world is less healthy now than it was in their "young days," when most of the diseases which our doctors are fighting seemed to be quite unknown.

These aged pessimists will get rather a shock as the result of discoveries which have just been made at Solutre, near Macon.

Fifteen skeletons, some of them men to twenty thousand years old, have been found, and many of these show that our modern maladies are by no means so new as our grandmothers imagine. Primitive man, for instance, seems to have suffered just as much from rheumatism, tuberculosis, and dental trouble as his civilized descendants.

REVEALED DURING SLEEP

STORY OF CRIME CONTAINS DRAMATIC EPISODES.

Bavarian Marries Widow of Man He Murdered and Tells Story of His Guilt During Sleep—Russian Woman's Horrible Crime.

The story of crime contains few more dramatic episodes than that of which a Bavarian village was the scene a few years ago.

The husband of an attractive young woman had vanished in a mysterious manner from his home, and all attempts to trace his whereabouts failed completely. Meanwhile a neighbor who had been devoted to the young wife before her marriage, reappeared on the scene and paid her assiduous attentions. So successfully did he press his suit that within a year of his rival's disappearance the woman consented to marry him, and they were united at the parish church.

Now comes the extraordinary sequel. On the second night following the wedding the bridegroom, unlucky awake, unable to sleep. Presently there came a cry from the sleeping form beside her, and a moment later she was leaned from his bed and in a loud voice proclaimed that he had killed the missing husband and had buried the body in a field adjoining the house. This statement the sleeper reiterated several times, naming the exact spot where the corpse lay interred.

The wife, almost mad with terror, drank in the confession, and next morning carried the story to the police bureau. The ground named by the sleeper was searched; and, sure enough, the body of the vanished man was discovered there. The murderer was at once arrested and brought to his trial, where he was found guilty and sentenced to death. He went to the scaffold cool and cynical, having been seen there by his own confession, made during sleep.

Somewhat similar in several details was the case of an Austrian woman whose friend was put in order that he might woo the latter's sweetheart, a girl of unusual beauty. All attempts to trace the missing man had failed, and doubtless the affair would have remained a mystery to the end of time had not the criminal himself, fully-dressed, one night confessing the crime whilst dozing by the fire in a friend's cottage. Bit by bit he described the incidents of the terrible affair, stating that he had destroyed his victim's body by fire.

Horrified by this awful confession, the friend immediately went out and sought a magistrate, to whom he confided the singular story. The man was then arrested and his cottage searched. Some garments and a watch belonging a few years ago to a teaching at one of the famous summer camps for young women, that in the 53 of Isaiah, of course, some people who still believe that this Old Testament passage refers to Christ and His sufferings, but we of today know better than that.

The Holy Spirit, who inspired the words of that chapter of Isaiah, even as He was telling Philip exactly what to say to the Ethiopian, here tells us the meaning of Isaiah's prophecy. The Ethiopian had been reading these words :

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TO KEEP AWAY FROM THE ELECTRICAL REPAIRMAN

By ERWIN GREER
(President Greer College Automotive Engineering, Chicago)

There are a number of factors to be considered to insure good ignition ; breaker points must be kept clean and make perfect contact ; make sure that the points separate to the proper distance ; coil connections must be tightest for a broken down condensor; there is considerable wear on the distributor segments, same can be cleaned with 00 sandpaper.

Do not run spark plug wires through fiber or metal tubing; cut grooves in two blocks of fiber and run wires through grooves and bolt the blocks together. This will prevent considerable ignition trouble.

A short in the light wiring will cause battery to discharge, and may also cause a fire. The presence of a short is indicated by a heavy discharge through the ammeter ; a short is caused by a wire pinching between the frame of the car, breaking the insulation ; for emergency repairs use friction tape to insulate the wire from frame.

A good many arrests are being made for not having a tail light burning. The tail light should be connected in series with the dash light, then in the event that the tail light goes out the dash light will go out also. When a six-volt battery is used, dash and tail light globes must be three or four volts each, six to eight volts on headlights ; with a twelve-volt battery, dash and tail lights must be six to eight volts, head lights twelve to sixteen volts.

The horn must respond the minute the button is pressed, with a little attention it will respond ; lubricate the bearings by removing the horn cover, clean commutater with 00 sandpaper. To adjust horn loosen adjusting screw, turn with screwdriver and adjust to get the best possible sound. It the motor commutator is badly worn, horn should be taken off and armature must be put in a lathe to true up the commutator, new brushes and brush springs should be installed.

There are times when the ignition switch is misplaced or lost and it is absolutely impossible for the average driver to start car without the aid of a skilled electrician.

Above are a few instructions on how to get the car started. In cases where magneto ignition is used, remove magneto ground wire and the car will start without any trouble.

A car equipped with battery ignition can be started by connecting a wire to the live side of the starting switch to one side of the ignition coil so that the current will go through the coil before it goes through the breaker points.

To make sure that the wire is connected to the right side of the starting switch touch the wire to the frame of the car and if a spark or short is produced the connection is O. K.

When Pedagogues Kicked.

Scotland's army of schoolmasters, in the year 1782 sent a memorial to Parliament pointing out that while their average income was £13 a year that of a footman was £14 to £16. No relief was granted until 1802, when the Schoolmasters' Act was passed, and their income was legally fixed at not under 300 merks (£16 13s. 4d.) nor over 400 merks (£22 4s. 6d." The heritors had also to provide a house, "which need not not contain more than two rooms, including the kitchen, and with ground for a garden or not more than a quarter of a Scots acre, or two Scots Firlots as is equivalent." They were highly indignant at being obliged to "erect palaces for dominies," but legal compulsion could no longer be ignored, and after conditions were at least good enough to prevent schoolmasters from resigning their office to become hodies—as had actually happened during the darkest days!

Canada's First Clock Factory.

The first clock factory in Canada was established in 1835 by J. and W. Twiss, at Cote des Neiges, three miles from Montreal, a village situated at the western base of Mount Royal. A small stream, fed by springs on the side of the mountain, flows through the village, and it supplied waterpower for the clock factory. Clocks made by J. and W. Twiss are still in use in many farmhouses throughout the Province of Quebec.

Pushing a Train.

A century ago Parliament sanctioned the construction of the Monkland Railway in Scotland. Its motive power was the wind, and umbrellas were hoisted to catch it and send the trains along. The wind was not always in the right direction, and in these circumstances the train was pushed.

CAMELS OF SIBERIA.

Mails Go From Trans-Baikalia to China by Camel Post.

Writing on "Camels I Have Met," Bessett Digby, F.R.G.S., after describing the Mongolian and the Egyptian camel, says :

I could hardly believe my eyes when, standing on the high bank of the Shilka river, in Eastern Siberia, as a gloomy January afternoon was fading into dusk, out of the mist I saw a caravan of camels plodding toward me over the ice. Camels, on the frozen waters of the Amur river, in the depth of a severe Siberian winter! Camels! A few miles downstream they must have passed those Tunguses driving up the Shilka track in reindeer sledges.

What a huge sweep of territory the two species of camel and the reindeer cover between them in the service of man. There is nothing like it anywhere else on earth. Do you realize that if you started to make a journey from Calais to Behring Strait, far up inside the Arctic Circle, cutting clear across Asia from the northeast corner to the southwest, then clear across the rest of Africa, and down to Senegal, reindeer and camel would take you all the way?

The Russian mails go from Trans-Baikalia to China by camel post. I used to sprawl on a grassy bank in the shade of the birch trees at Troitskosavsk watching the black leather bags, laced up with gleaming brass chains, being laden on the squatting camels' backs by the post office officials in their smart white tunics and Turkish peaked caps. As I smoked I pondered the long many-week journey ahead, as the caravan plodded across that great blank space on the map called the Gobi Desert. Strange adventures happen on that journey. There was that mailbag, for instance, which turned up years later, unopened, in Bombay, when a Chinese man brought it into a Russian merchant's office and asked for a reward for finding it.

The camels do not like setting out with the mails. The postal camels are fine picked spirited animals. They make shrill protests, on occasion, and bolt off down side roads. One day I saw a caravan simply melt away like this. North, south, east and west it sped, with half Troitskosavsk, hallooing after it. Once outside the settlement, however, the beasts behave themselves and buckle down to the job.

In many parts of Russia I have met camels. Hundreds of them were imported a few years ago to do the ploughing in the Volga region, and some were even used on dray-cart work in Moscow. They were not popular in Moscow. They spat when taunted by small boys. They spat when tackled by a block in the traffic and scared by the noise. There was a great row one day on the corner near the gate in to the Kitaesk Gorod when an entire carload of passengers precipitously fled from a spitting camel that was drawing a cart, right alongside in the traffic jam. The passengers on the right side of the tram and wouldn't let it go on until they got their money back. Himmel! What a commotion.

Down in southern Spain, in the swamps of the Guadalquivir, there is a herd of semi-aquatic, quite wild camels, turned adrift to fend for themselves a hundred years ago.

When You Pick Mushrooms.

Can you recognize a mushroom when you see it? There are a number of things you should find out before thinking of eating any fungi. Edible mushrooms should peel cleanly from the outside to the centre and should not discolor when broken or bruised.

On the under side of the mushroom are a number of divisions called gills. These should not be attached to the stem, but should be alternately long and short, the short ones going only a little way out from the rim, while the long ones should reach to the centre of the stem of the mushroom there should be a mark to show where the gills broke away as the fungus grew.

Mushrooms have a peculiar earthy smell. It is sometimes said that mushrooms never grow in a wood, but this is not strictly accurate. Mushrooms are occasionally found in woods, while the poisonous kinds of growth are to be seen in the open.

There are, of course, other kinds of fungi which may be eaten, such as thec hampignon and the boletus. But the risk of picking poisonous varieties is so mistake that there is no great that they should be left alone unless an expert is present.

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FATTED CALVES FOR BRITISH BUTCHERS

(1) A particularly fine collection of sheep awaiting a train.
(2) Western steers with J. H. Pierpont, manager of the Market, in the center background.
(3) Western steers en route for England, awaiting their train at the Canadian Pacific East End Cattle Market.
(4) These splendid hogs wouldn't feel so contented if they knew how close they are to an abattoir.

These four-footed emigrants are on their way to Europe. They belong to the Livestock Producers of Canada and have taken lodgings for the night at the Canadian Pacific East End Market, Montreal, before continuing their long journey from Winnipeg to Glasgow.

The extent and the variety of the activities of this Market, its value to the community and indeed the fact that it exists at all is not nearly as widely known as it should be, except among those farmers, drovers, butchers, buyers and exporters who make use of its manifold conveniences.

The market has been in operation on its present site for 12 years. It has accommodation for 3,000 head of cattle, 5,100 head of sheep, lambs and calves, 1,800 hogs and can provide sleeping quarters, board and valet-service for a total of 14,000 animals at a time. Its export sheds (said to be the finest in Canada) have 30 modern, light, airy pens in which 1,000 transient guests may be housed without crowding or difficulty.

The establishment has facilities for handling, branding, exporting, killing and chilling cattle, sheep, lambs, calves, hogs, milch cows, bulls and horses. There is, in the market grounds, a modern and well equipped abattoir where local purchasers may have their stock killed quickly and efficiently. Incidentally, the stock coming from the western farms and ship-ped to England or sold locally is, almost invariably of superb quality, being equal to the finest stock in the world.

Cattle is sold on the market four days a week, auction sales of horses are held once a week, roping and branding takes place weekly and slaughtering is a daily occurrence.

The market, in all its branches is owned and operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway and is government inspected.

J. H. Pierpont, the manager, says that the present consignment, of which only a few are shown above, is one of the finest that has ever passed through his hands. Some of them are show cattle, bound for Wembley, and the others, less fortunate, will probably be converted into the roast beef of Old England and grace the tables of London, Leeds and Manchester, etc.

The consignment consists of 283 western steers, all fine, fat fellows, of which J. P. Kennedy, president of the Livestock Producers of Canada, is justly proud. Owing to some slight damage being done by fire to the vessels on which they were to travel, their departure has been delayed a few days. In the meantime they are living on the fat of the land, philosophically enjoying the comforts of the present, without concerning themselves too much with the uncertainties of the future.

Burma's Ruby Mines

The hills of Upper Burma contain the most famous ruby mines in the world. For centuries they were untried by China, but in 1887 they were taken over by a British company. What a visitor saw is explained as follows:

Sixty miles from Thabetkyin, a village on the Irrawaddy's bank, a day or so from Mandalay, is Mogok and its famous ruby mines. From the river one motors on and up a winding, excellently metalled road through virgin forests, rich in teak and other jungle woods, until one reaches the high lands, four thousand feet above the level of the sea. Then one descends, only to rise again, and then to run along a zigzag slope into Mogok itself.

Native settlements with thatched roofed wooden huts encircled by stockades are passed en route; banana groves are seen, and monkeys swing in the bamboos. "Flame of the Forest" trees with flowers of crimson wax and cotton trees with flowers of orange-red stand out like fires amongst the various greens. Now and again, one sees a flying squirrel flash across the road ahead; one does not see, but one knows that in the woods are fiercer game.

Shwepyanbyin — village of the "Golden Fig-tree"—is passed, and Kyatpyin and Kathe, from which the finest sapphires come, then Mogoka and quartzites (called "rubies") that yield up precious stones—rubies, sapphires, zircons, peridots, spinels—Mogok, with a population strangely mixed—Burmese, Shans, Karens, Kachins, Arakanese, half and quarter-castes, Chinese. Splitting the little place in two is a long valley filled with black-grey rocks. The valley to the south is in itself a place of tiny mountain peaks, valleys and little plains—quarries from which the wealth already has been dug.

The upper valley is the scene of work to-day: quarries with coolies breaking through the rocks and digging out jewel-laden earth; streams of water driving the earth and gravel from the faces of the cliffs; iron trucks filled with earth, gravel and mud hauled by a cable along narrow-gauged lines to where the stuff is washed and passed through giant metal sieves; bleak dusty sheds of tin and further corrugated iron, and masked coolies behind barbed wire picking out the rubies and other jewels from amongst common pebble stones.

I know but precious little about precious stones. But I learned something in the Burma ruby mines. A sapphire and a ruby, for instance, are, but for their color, the same thing. Alumina—oxide of aluminium—is their scientific name. Rubies are not so common as rubies, yet the latter are more valuable.

On July 19, 1919, the famous "Feraes Ruby" was found at Mogok, the most perfect ruby in the world, which looked, when on a white plate, like a piece of red-currant jelly! Forty-five carats in weight it was, and when sold to Javari, an Indian dealer, it fetched $135,000! It is now in Paris. Had this ruby been a diamond, its worth would have been between $80,000 and $35,000—a quarter of its value as a ruby!

"Do you find a ruby every day?" a lady visitor to Mogok asked.

The answer was that from eight to nine thousand carats of precious stones are excavated each day. They think in carats, Mogok way, just as some merchants think in cases and in bales.

Another lady, on seeing a large basin half full of the rough jewels (they are dull as melted glass) begged that the basin be filled up with water, so that she could boast in after-life that she had washed her face in precious stones! The manager (a human man) filled up the bowl—and watched, without disinterest, the lady wash!

Most of the rough stones are sold in India, but buyers from many parts of the world drift into Mogok in search of jewels. Many of the stones are cut and polished in Mogok itself. The writer saw the natives at their work—in very primitive "shops" with very primitive tools.

In all Mogok, and for a radius of many miles around, there are not more than twelve white men. Thousands of natives, and twelve brave Britons "carrying on." The native police force, with men of eleven nationalities, is officered by an Englishman with an English ex-Tommy as second in command. A British military man, a civil surgeon, another Government official, and the men who run the ruby mines make up the twelve.

No Need for Anxiety.

An old Scotsman, travelling from the land of his birth down to Birmingham, decided that, as the weather was bitterly cold and the trains badly heated, he would take a bottle of whisky with him, and every time he felt chilly he'd just have a nip.

He had been on the way for some time, when an old Scottish Doctor of Divinity happened to get into the same carriage and spotted the whisky bottle.

At once he proceeded to deliver a well-intended lecture on the evils of taking strong drink. He pointed out that he was now seventy years of age and had never tasted liquor in his life.

"Weel, weel," returned his fellow passenger, "there's no need to worrit, ma guid man, for ye're no gaein' to begin the noo."

Marriage Incentive to Thrift.

Marriage is an incentive to thrift, according to an American statistician. He states that while a married man at twenty-four has five per cent. less money than the average bachelor, at forty-eight he has 20 per cent. more.

Transparent Umbrellas.

A transparent umbrella, which permits the user to see where she is going, and scissors with interchangeable blades, are two novel inventions recently patented by women.

McIntosh Bros.

Weekly Bargain List!

Thursday, Friday and Saturday will be Real Bargain Days

THURSDAY SPECIALS

PONGEE SILK

32 in. wide, no dressing, natural color only, nice even weave. Thursday only, per yard ..... .59

ENGLISH BROADCLOTH

38 in. wide, plain colors only. White, Navy and all the new bright shades. Thursday only, per yard ..... .73

GIRLS' SEPARATE SKIRTS

Pleated style, with waist, in Navy Serge and Checked Homespun. Thursday only $1.49

CORSETS

In a heavy quality coutil, color pink, with short steels in front, side fastening. Thursday only ..... .95

FRIDAY SPECIALS

All-over Curtain Nets with lace edge, 36 in. wide, worth 50c, a yard, any time Friday, 3 yards for $1.00

White Cotton, 36 in. wide, free from dressing and made from a good quality cotton thread, a McIntosh Bros. Special, at any time for 29c. yard. Friday only, 4 yards for $1.00

Ladies' House Dresses in Checked Gingham, nicely trimmed, all large size. Friday only, each $1.15

SATURDAY SPECIALS

TABLE LINEN

Guaranteed Pure Linen Table Clothing, about 70 in. wide. Saturday only, per yard ..... .98

CHINTZ

36 in. wide in a large selection of large and small patterns. Saturday only per yard ..... .49

ALUMINUMWARE

The balance of about 35 pieces of Aluminum that was on sale last week, we will clear:

5½-Quart Aluminum Potato Pots
6-Quart Aluminum Convex Kettle
4-Quart Aluminum Convex Sauce Pan
10½ Inch Aluminum Round Roasters
8-Quart Aluminum Water Pail
10 Inch Aluminum Frying Pan
Sets of Three, Aluminum Sauce Pans
Sets of Three, Aluminum Pudding Pans

95c.

'PHONE 359 — McINTOSH BROS. — NAPANEE BRANCH

An Arctic Boarding School.

At Makkovik, in the ice-bound peninsula of the North American continent known as Labrador, a country where one may travel hundreds of miles without seeing a human habitation, and where the temperature in winter is often sixty degrees below zero, there is a boarding school kept by two Englishwomen.

It is under the control of the Moravian Church, and is one of the most remarkable as well as the most accessible schools in the world. The mission steamer Harmony goes out once a year with goods for the Eskimos, and on her last trip along the coast, prior to her return to Britain, she takes both Eskimo children and the few white children available to the Makkovik boarding school.

There they must remain until the long winter is over, for in such terrible cold, and with no conveyance but dog-sledges, it is impossible for children to travel. That they are happy and contented in their school goes without saying, and with a gramophone, a piano, and a fine selection of lantern slides, as well as an excellent library, the children get not only a good education but also a good time.

Sheppey.

Sheppey is an island off the Kentish coast of England, east of the mouth of the Medway. It is low-lying, with one small elevation, slightly exceeding 200 feet, near the north coast, which presents slight cliffs towards the shallow sea, while the flat shore on the south is protected by embankments. The island is ten and a half miles in extreme length from east to west, and is for the most part treeless but very fertile, bearing much grain and fruit. Its name, meaning "the island of sheep," is still appropriate, as great flocks are bred. On the west are the port of Queensborough and the naval station of Sheerness. The population is about 23,000.

What Our Bodies Contain.

Dr. Mayo, president of the American College of Surgeons, recently stated that the human body contains "the equivalent of seven tons of soap, iron enough to make an eighteenpenny nail, enough magnesia for one dose, enough potassium to explode a toy gun, enough lime to whitewash a moderate-sized chicken-coop, and enough phosphorus for 2,200 match-heads.

QUEER KINDS OF FOOD.

Few Parts of World Where Food Is Not Obtainable.

A motor-launch, caught in a storm was driven ashore on the north side of the Kenai Peninsula in Northern Alaska, and there her crew of four men were marooned for a month before they were reached by a halibut boat.

During all those weeks the shipwrecked men lived upon porcupines, and they were fit and well when rescued.

The porcupine is one of the easiest of wild creatures to kill, for it cannot run fast and succumbs quickly to a blow from a stick, but it is an unwritten law all through the north that a porcupine must never be killed except for food. Over and over again prospectors whose provisions have become exhausted in the wilds have been saved from starvation by the flesh of these animals.

What the porcupine is to the great Northwest, that the iguana is to the wanderer in the terrible desert of Western Australia. Here is a country more desolate than the Sahara, where rain falls on an average once in seven years, where the only vegetation is mulga scrub and spinifex, and where the ubiquitous rabbit is unable to find a living. But the rabbit, even if it were found in this desert, is not too easy to capture, whereas the iguana, like the porcupine, can be run down by a man and killed with a stick.

Perhaps I should explain that the iguana is a large lizard a yard or more in length, and that it seems able to find a living where not even a snake can exist, writes Christopher Beck. While it is an ugly brute in appearance, its flesh is excellent, the meat being as white as that on the breast of a chicken.

The chief difficulty experienced in the exploration of unknown Brazil (and more than a million square miles of that vast country are practically unknown) is the scarcity of food. Unlike Africa, where game of some sort can generally be found, the interior of Brazil has little wild life.

Col. Fawcett, the Brazilian explorer, has told me that his travels would have been utterly impossible but for the prevalence of snakes. He has been driven to eat almost every known variety, from the great anaconda to the yellow bushmaster and the deadly rattlesnake. The anacondas, or water python, he pronounces wholesome and not unpleasant, but the flesh of the poisonous varieties is ill-flavored and only to be eaten when nothing else can be found. Still, at a pinch, broiled rattlesnake will keep life in a hungry man for days on end.

The fact is that there are very few parts of the world where food of some sort is not obtainable, even by people without guns or fishing tackle. But you have to know what it is and where to look for it.

England's Fastest Train.

The fastest train in England is the 3.45 p.m. from Swindon to Paddington, which does the 77¼ miles in seventy-five minutes.

Eskimo Mothers.

Eskimo mothers caress their babies by touching noses. The people of that race make very good and affectionate parents.

First Screw Collier.

The first screw collier, the John Bowes, which was built seventy years ago in Britain, is still in use.

HAIR-DRESSING AMONG SAVAGES

Fiji Islanders Are More Advanced Than Bobbed-Haired Flapper.

The flapper who spends hours curling her bobbed locks to make them stand out three or four inches from her head is very far behind the Fiji Islanders.

There even the men make their wool stand on end at the top of their heads to a height of six inches. The Fijian dandy wears at night an uncomfortable compressing band to train his wiry brush.

To add to this grotesque impression the Beau Brummel bleaches his coiffure to a sickly yellow with lime made from coral, or dyes it red with henna. To further enhance his charm he rubs in scented cocoanut oil and then sticks varieties of red flowers in his hair.

When the Hopi Indian maiden of the Southwestern States decides to conquer, instead of unbouncing her debut in the newspapers she parts her hair in the middle and screws it into two whorls just above the ears. Whereupon young men who prize their beauty take to the woods. South of Mahamanina in Madagascar, reports the National Geographic Society, the women do their hair in two rows of little balls, while behind their heads they place a piece of hollow wood ornamented with brass-headed nails. In this cylinder they keep all their pins, needles and small valuables. Near the coast on the same island the women plait their hair in fine braids, which they twist into thin flat circular coils of from one to two and a half inches in diameter.

In Seville, Spain, the women pile their hair on top of their heads like a little fortress, a custom they had practiced for hundreds of years. Big chiefs in some parts of New Guinea wear rigid plaited frames on their heads, which support carsowary or paradise feathers.

Among African tribes the methods of hair dressing are legion. The Wemba men shave two parallel strips of wool from the nape of the neck around the crown to the forehead. Some cut all the hair off, leaving a fringe high up on the skull. Others leave just a small circular tuft at the back. The Wemba and Winamwanga women scent their hair with aromatic plants.

The men near Lake Bangweolo sometimes wear wigs made of coarse matted fibre. The Bisa women wear red and white beads into their hair until the hair itself in places is quite concealed. Shingo chiefs roll their hair until it resembles types of hair dressing seen in ancient Egyptian bas-reliefs.

The Bambala people shave their heads except for a little round spot resembling a cap on the top of the head. Then they paint the bare portion with palm oil and soot. An old man usually covers his tuft of white hair with a red cloth and a warrior wears the bones of his victims wrapped in a cloth on the top of his head for the magical properties they are supposed to possess.

The Bakwese chiefs usually coil their hair into five bunches. The Barazai men tie their locks into a bunch at the back of their necks, while the women part theirs in the middle and plait it over their ears.

But the Bahamuna take the palm for real beauty; they shave the front of their heads and paint them with soot, curl the back hair and paint it with red clay, shave off the eyebrows and pull out their eyelashes.

LANGUAGE IN CANADA.

Eighty-five Per Cent of Population Speak English.

A census bulletin on "Language Spoken and Mother Tongue" contains interesting information, says the Toronto Globe. In Canada as a whole 54.79 per cent. of the population ten years old and over can speak English. Of these 58.61 per cent. speak English only, and 16.02 per cent. speak French and English, the remainder using English and some other language or languages. The total number of those unable to speak English is a little more than a million, and of these 870,000 are of the French race. Canada is therefore a long way from being a bilingual nation, in the sense of ability to use both the native languages; and those who are aiming at that kind of education have a great deal of work to do.

More than half the people of Quebec can speak English. It would be gratifying if the percentage were larger, but there is no occasion for surprise in the present condition. A large proportion of the population is found in districts inhabited wholly or almost wholly by members of the French race, who in the daily intercourse of social and business life have no occasion to use English. Very few persons of our own race will learn another language, besides their own, unless forced to do so by environment, and the French-Canadians are similarly influenced.

There are persons who contend that the French population of Canada ought to have been assimilated like that of Louisiana, but that is a good deal easier said than done. Lord Durham was a believer in benevolent assimilation of that kind, and it was with this idea in mind that he advocated the union of Upper and Lower Canada. It was the weakest part of his plan. Instead of assimilation there was conflict, and when the Legislative Union gave place to Confederation it was recognized that the attempt at uniformity must be abandoned, and that each province must go its own way. We must find peace and good-will on a basis of agreeing to differ.

Outside of Quebec the language problem does not seem to be formidable. There are only 100,252 of the foreign-born residents of Canada ten years old and over who cannot speak English. The percentage is less than 7 per cent. in Manitoba, less than 6 per cent. in Saskatchewan and British Columbia, and less than 5 per cent. in Alberta. It is in regard to the Prairie Provinces that the greatest uneasiness has been felt in this respect. They have received a large volume of immigration from the Continent of Europe, and fears have been expressed of the existence of foreign colonies resisting assimilation. Evidently most of the newcomers are at least learning the English language, a result for which some credit ought to be given to the Provincial Governments.

Playing Tricks With Time.

When the American aviator, Lieut. Maughan, created a record by flying from New York to San Francisco in one day—that is, between dawn and darkness. He left New York at 3.59 a.m. and reached San Francisco at 9.44 in the evening.

The distance is 2,670 miles, and on the face of it the aviator covered the distance in 17¾ hours. If we allow only 2¼ hours for stops, this means he was travelling at something like 160 miles an hour.

Actually the case is quite different, for the pilot was flying with the sun. He thus gained six hours of daylight, so that his flying time was not 17¾ hours, but a little over 12 hours.

If he had travelled in the opposite direction—from east to west—he would have lost six hours of daylight, and so cut his flying time to just over 16 hours.

For convenience' sake the degree of latitude that cuts through Greenwich is counted as the first degree. Since there are in all 360 degrees, the 180th is exactly opposite Greenwich on the other side of the earth, and the result is that a vessel crossing the Pacific gains a day if going eastwards but drops one if going in the other direction.

A few years ago passengers on the steamship Toronto, en route from Seattle to Yokohama, lost December 25th, Christmas Day. If the ship had been travelling in the other direction they would have had two Christmas Days.

To put the matter as plainly as possible, if you travel around the world in a westerly direction you are constantly chasing the sun, so that sunrises come at longer intervals than if you were staying in one place. By the time you have circled the planet you have had one sunrise less than the stationary observer. On the other hand, if you have travelled eastwards, you have had one more.

Fish Catch of the World.

According to the most authoritative estimate the total fish catch of the world is valued at over $1,000,000,000 a year.

That represents the price the consumer pays, and includes charges for cold storage, dealers' profits, and so on.

Japan leads the world as a fish-eating nation, her catch totalling for the year about $90,000,000. The United States comes next, with just over $85,000,000; France third, with rather less than $85,000,000; and Spain fourth, with £70,000,000. Britain comes next, with about the same value.

The value of fish per hundredweight has fallen greatly in recent years. A year or two ago Britain's catch was valued at £90,000,000.

During recent years there has been a big increase in the amount of capital invested in the industry, America alone having added nearly $25,000,000 to the value of her fishing-boats, nets, and so on.

Most of the world's fish supply comes from the shallow banks near the shores of the continents. It is here that they breed, and it is well that they do so, for fishing on a large scale is much easier in such places than it would be in the deep seas.

Einstein's Blind Spot.

The many thousands of people who have tried in vain to understand Einstein's theory of relativity have been avenged.

Prof. Einstein, whose arguments the master minds of modern science have been unable to refute, has just had an argument with the conductor of a tramcar, and got the worst of it.

The point at issue was a halfpenny. The mathematician said he had been given wrong change; the conductor denied the soft impeachment. Not only that, but he proved that the sage was mistaken. Then he said:

"I see you are weak at arithmetic," he remarked.

Other great mathematicians have been equally weak at arithmetic. Lord Kelvin's mistakes in the simpler calculations used to afford infinite entertainment to his students at Glasgow.—Answers.

On the Move

LIKE the "standing army" that "just stood," goods that remain on the shelf are expensive luxuries to any merchant.

ADVERTISING is the force that moves slow sellers from counter to customer. Every advertisement is a salesman of proven ability, reaching every class, creed and sex in the community.

The set-up of an Advertisement is as important as the dress of a salesman. In "THE NAPANEE EXPRESS" special attention is given to Advertising set-up. In our columns

"An Advertisement is an Invitation."

WILSON'S - HARDWARE

- - Improve - -

Your Home Surroundings

A little Paint works wonders

Martin-Senour

100% Pure

Paints and Varnishes

Stand the acid test of wear and tear.

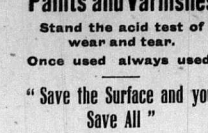
Once used always used.

" Save the Surface and you Save All "

D. B. WILSON

'Phone 138.

More Chicks Mean Bigger Profits

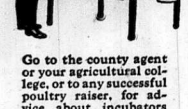


Go to the county agent or your agricultural college, or to any successful poultry raiser, for advice about incubators and brooders. Their answer is almost sure to be "Use Buckeyes—they'll pay you bigger profits." Come in and let us give you the new Buckeye Catalog—a most complete and practical book on poultry raising. Tells what you want to know.

THE M. B. MILLS CO

Agents

NAPANEE, - ONT.



Paint !

Automobile enamel, Martin-Senour 100 per cent. Pure Paints and Varnishes.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

VanLuven

Buy Your Coal NOW

If you had a two family house you wouldn't let half of it stand vacant, bringing you in nothing. But did you ever think of renting your coal bin for the summer ? The Heat Folks are in the market for empty coal bins, any size will do. Good rental gladly paid. If you buy your coal now, you can pocket the money it would cost us to store it until Fall. Prices are so much cheaper that you will realize an unusually large return on the space that would otherwise lay vacant. Here is a profit that is all velvet in addition to the satisfaction of being set for winter time.

All rail coal, and weighed on town scales, if desired.

Call the HEAT FOLKS

for good, clean coal

VanLuven

Phone 92 Napanee

THE FAMILY HERALD

THE NAPANEE EXPRESS

Both papers from now until the end of 1925

22-b FOR $2.00

INSURANCE

For Fire Insurance try ALFRED McCUTCHEON, Roblin.

A number of companies to choose from.

Office : Residence, Roblin, Main Street. 27-tf

H. W. GALLAGHER

The People's Auctioneer

My experience in handling a number of very successful sales has convinced my patrons that I am capable of handling any sale and guarantee to give you perfect satisfaction.

List your sales with me.

H. W. GALLAGHER.

Phone 10 ring 1-3, Adolphustown. 11-3-m

Create an Account With Your Victory Loan Coupons

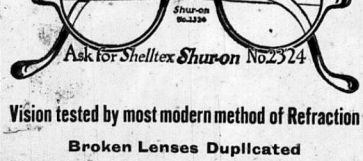
BANKING FIFTY YEARS

VICTORY Loan Coupons will mature on the first day of May, 1925. Clip your coupons and use them to open a Savings Account with us. Then the money your Bonds earned will in turn be earning.

THE STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

NAPANEE BRANCH—H. R. McHoull, *Manager*

Branches also at Belleville, Camden East, Deseronto, Newburgh, Marlbank, Tamworth



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Vision tested by most modern method of Refraction

Broken Lenses Duplicated

Optical Repairs Promptly attended to.

DR. LESLIE LEWIS

EYESIGHT SPECIALIST

Above Wallace's Drug Store.

GRACE METH. CHURCH

A. J. TERRILL, B.A., B.D., Pastor.

9.30—Class meeting
10.30 a.m.—Morning service. "Mother, Child and Church." Mother's Day Baptismal service.
7.00 p.m.—Evening Service. "The Joyousness of Youth."
11.45—Open session of school. Mother's Day. Presentation of Diplomas and Seals.
Monday, 8 p.m.—League service.
Wednesday, 7.30 p.m.—"The Prayer Service."

Screen Your House.

Screen doors and windows, wire screening by yard.

WILSON'S HARDWARE.

Auction Sale.

At the residence of the late F. F. Miller, on Tuesday, May 12th, at 10 a.m., two Cream Separators, one Incubator, Corn Cutter, Furniture of all kinds, Dishes and household equipment. Terms—Cash. 22-bp

Napanee Women's Institute.

The annual business meeting and election of officers, of the Napanee Women's Institute, will be held in the Agricultural office, on Tuesday afternoon at 2.30. All members are requested to be present.

The Market Grocery.

Fresh pure lines of groceries. The finest quality English peels, raisins, currants, navel oranges, Royal Household flour, Ogilvies rolled oats, corn meal and wheat granules. Ogilvies name means quality. The highest standard in teas and coffee always in stock. Try this store with your orders.

THOMPSON BROS.

Reduced Water Rates.

Starting with the accounts issued May 1st for water rates, you will find the cost of lawn service has been reduced by one half. This should be an inducement for many who have not had a lawn service to install one. The net price for a lawn will be $3.05. Please note that during the hours from 6 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. water must not be used for lawn sprinkling.

PUBLIC UTILITIES COM. 23-b

Sale by Auction.

On Tuesday, May 12th, 1925, at 10 a.m., at the residence of the late F. F. Miller, Dundas St., Napanee : Two cream separators, churn, corn cutter, stoves; coal, electric and kerosene; household fittings, tables, chairs, beds, pictures, dishes, motor car, and many other things. Terms, cash. Also the following, subject to reserve bid : Player piano, house and lots, including large barn, chicken house, ice house.

H. W. GALLAGHER, Auctioneer.

TAG DAY SATURDAY MAY 9TH, SALVATION ARMY EVERYONE BUY A TAG

Iolanthe—Cast of Characters.

Iolanthe—Miss Georgie Robinson.
Phyllis—(A ward in Chancery) Mrs. T. A. Sneath.
Queen of Fairies—Mrs. Katherine Powell.
Celia—Miss Hilda McGreer.
Leila—Miss Olive Millan.
Flieta—Miss Helen Davy.
Lord Chancellor—Mr. Cyril Waite.
Strephon (a Shepherd)—Mr. Fred Cliff.
Lord Tolloller—Mr. Jack Caldwell.
Lord Mountararat—Mr. Reg. Wiseman.
The Sentry—Mr. J. Geale Daly.

Officers Elected.

The regular monthly meeting of the W. C. T. U. was held in the Public Library on Tuesday, April 28th, with a good attendance of members. After the Devotional Exercise, arrangements were for the Annual County Convention, which will be held in Trinity Church on May 28th and 29th. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows :

Hon. Presidents—Mrs. M. Parks, Mrs. B. Miller.
President—Mrs. W. Ungar.
1st Vice-President—Mrs. H. Armitage.
2nd Vice-President—Mrs. Conway.
Recording Secretary—Mrs. W. E. Loyst.
Assistant Secretary—Mrs. R. Smith.
Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Willet Vanalstine.
Treasurer—Mrs. A. D. Snider.
Assistant Treasurer—Mrs. J. Rose.

Calls for Victorian Nurse.

All calls for Miss Barclay, the nurse, will receive prompt attention at the home of Mrs. Detlor. East street, phone 286, instead of Wiseman's garage, as formerly.

Secretary.

Wagons for sale—See the Mills Co's Adv.

Insurance !

Protects you from loss by fire at a small expense.

We have been in the insurance business for years and can give you good service.

Agents for all classes of Insurance.

Consult

HARSHAW & SON

Fire, Life, Accident and Auto Insurance

NAPANEE, ONT.

S. MARY MAGDALENE CHURCH

Services of S. Mary Magdalene Church :

Rev. J. H. H. Coleman, M. A., Vicar.

8.00—Holy Communion.
10.30—Morning Prayer.
12.00—Sunday School.
7.00—Evening prayer.

YOUNG IMMIGRANTS.

Canadian Mayor Entertains Party of Boys.

Fifteen young lads who had come to Canada under the auspices of the Immigration and Colonization Association of Canada, were, on their arrival at Napanee, Ontario, received by the Mayor, who (says a Reuter message from Ottawa) evidently remembering his own boyhood, regaled the young Canadians-to-be with a host of good things, including "lashings" of ice cream, before their arrival farmers had bespoken all the boys, who start work at once at wages varying from 120 to 180 dollars per annum, while they are learning. The Association keeps a fatherly eye on the boys, while an inspector makes periodical visits to see that farmers are keeping the spirit as well as the letter of the contracts.

It is the aim of the Association to bring over 500 boys during this season, and no farmer will be allowed to take one into his employment until the fullest investigations have been made. Each boy will receive a thorough grounding in Canadian agricultural methods;—From the Yorkshire Observer, Bradford, England.

The above clipping was taken from the Express and cabled to England and appeared in quite a number of the English papers.

DON'T BE A GINK.

I know a half hundred ginks who wear the bright and shining links and never come to lodge. They stay away and air their views, and let their neighbors pay the dues, and offer flimsy dodge. If some poor brother's down and out, and pretty nearly up the spout, they stand around and croak, instead of pulling, digging in their jeans and handing over several beans to get him out of soak. When they've a backache in the hip or trouble with incipient pip, or throw some dibs, they send a hurried S.O.S., or other signal of distress for benefits. If Sick Committees fail to call, they let out an awful bawl and get real sore. Those boys at lodge don't treat me right. They should come up here every night and potions pour, and bathe my head and rub my chest and put fresh plasters on my nose, till I get well ; and mow the lawn and buy the pills, and pay some forty doctor bills for quite a spell.

Methinks a member of this kind should be briskly boosted from behind with hob-nailed shoes and made to come to meetin' more and set to do some useful chore or clean the flues, or handed out a husky kick, or made to sit up with the sick and lose some sleep. Then he won't be so apt to shirk when asked to do some useful work, to earn his keep.—Exchange.

Flowers of Rio de Janeiro.

As one enters the harbor of Rio de Janeiro the world-famous view cannot be compared with the view from the roof-garden of the British Embassy, 200 feet above the town, says a correspondent. A perfect panorama spreads before one of many bays and inlets set about with red-tiled houses and backed by hills, some lofty, some little, some cone-shaped, some rising from the sea, some of vivid green, some of smoky blue. The glory of be view and the color of the tropical dowers in the garden make one catch one's breath in admiration.

In a shady corner the scarlet hibiscus throws a warm glow as of lighted lanterns. In another is a fine Hoya, whose bunches of pink flowers and dark leaves look and feel like wax, and recall its smaller white-flowered cousin, formerly met with in the hothouses of one's youth. The hill drive is a procession of beautiful flowers. Down the terrace walls hang yellow alcamanda, pale blue plumbago, and lilac solanum, and the flat, blue flowers of Thungergia alata mingle with the full purple of convolvulus which twines about the stems of palms and yellow cassia. Trees or gardenia scent the air, together with mandevillea, here called jesamine. The double hibiscus is surprisingly gay; its hanging blossoms, like big camellias, in shades of flame, scarlet, and crimson, trees like massive rhododendrons, and bougainvillea in rich purple, a pale mauve, make a brilliant assemblage.

The crowning glory of all is the corallia or bellisome. This lovely thing covers flat roofs, trees, and walls with its tracery of feathery coral of brightest pink. Very like Polygonum baldeschmanum in habit, except that the individual flowers are solid, as in a climbing begonia, it ought to succeed well on the Riviera. The flower market is an amazing sight; the stalls are packed from floor to roof with floral treasures, and reveal its smaller white-flowered denras, like white roses rather than the prim cut flowers of London, mix with every variety of carnation, rose, and lily.

Man-Made Earthquakes.

It is believed that the numerous small earthquakes recently reported from the Midlands of England are due to the handiwork of man. In excavating for coal and iron the miner cuts away millions of tons of rock and coal and piles it on the surface, thus setting up all sorts of stresses. In July, 1913, dwellers near the coast in Carnarvonshire were startled out of their sleep by loud subterranean rumblings, while the earth quivered over an area of many square miles. It was found that a considerable area of land lying between the Rivals granite quarries and the shore had started to slide seawards. The fact was that the waste of the quarries which for years had been dumped on this lower ground, had proved too much for it, and had set the whole ledge sliding, producing a very good imitation of a real earthquake.

TRINITY METH. CHURCH

Rev. W. R. Tanton, Pastor.

10.00—Class meeting.
11.00 a.m.—Joint service of the church and Sunday School. Mother's Day program. Address by the Pastor.
6.30 p.m.—Organ recital.
7.00 p.m.—Evening service.
Wednesday, 3 p.m.—Annual meeting of the Ladies' Aid.
Wednesday, 7.45.—Mid-week session of the Church School.
Friday, 8 p.m.—Annual meeting of the Joint Boards of the church.

COMPELLED BY LAW TO REST.

In Spain Work Was Stop From One o'Clock till 4.30.

Under the Dictatorship, quitting work, closing shops and resting in the middle of hot days are regulated by law in Spain, according to Alfred Bossom, author.

"From time immemorial," says Mr. Bossom, "the siesta has been regarded as an unofficial institution in Spain. But some persons observed it, while others kept their shops or offices open in the heat of the day. Now it is no longer optional. Tourists are starting by the alacrity with which the Spanish merchants obey an order to close their stores from one o'clock to 4.30 in the afternoon.

"When the clock strikes the first hour of 'the afternoon,' continued Mr. Bossom, "customers being served are politely requested to complete their purchases as rapidly as possible. In fact, two or three clerks are willing to help any one get what he wants, if they are disengaged. It is not because the Spanish merchant does not care to sell his wares that he wishes to clear his establishment. He appreciates the trade of the tourist, as every tourist may be wealthy, according to his idea. He also desires to protect himself from unfair competition by being fair himself. He sends out soldiers to see about repairs enforcing the order and heavy fines are imposed for disobedience. The guards are affable and friendly, but they are firm. However, there is no gloom in the obedience. Spain is satisfied with the compulsory siestas as with everything else, apparently, that the law requires.

"While I was in a large antique shop the proprietor said that it was one o'clock and that he must close his store and leave, but he would be delighted to have me accompany him to his house for a little refreshment. He could not sell me anything, or even mention business, but his would only be too glad to discuss Spanish art. This was in the old cathedral town of Burgos.

"It is the law of the military, senor,' said the dealer, explaining the situation, 'and it is a very good one, for is not every one treated quite alike? So, as loyal Spaniards, we all see that this law is obeyed, for if one breaks it, see what a great harm will be done to those who have their shops closed. If any one does not obey it, it is our duty to report, but the soldiers and police see to it that none is privileged. It is a good law and we have found it so.'

"When siesta is over business goes on until seven o'clock in the evening. The wine shops are open early and late and on Sundays. If they were closed for good by national edict it is a question as to what the popular reaction would be. I did not see an intoxicated man while in Spain, but the Spaniards do regard wine as a necessity. They are, however, a law-abiding people.

"While it is 110 degrees in the shade, and no shade, the siesta is always welcome. The night life has no restrictions. The wealthy classes dine late, and many of the theatres do not begin until 10.30 o'clock at night. Dancing continues in hotel and tenement patios at all hours. I have no doubt but what the Spaniards would obey laws concerning their amusements just as readily."

IOLANTHE

NAPANEE ARMOURIES

WED. MAY 6, THURS. MAY 7

RESERVED SEATS 75 AND 50 CENTS. PLAN AT HOOPER'S, SAT. MAY 2

All club members must present their membership tickets at Hooper's Drug Store.

Quaint Indian Customs.

In Udaipur, a Rajputana state which climes still to an old-world Orientalism such as is to be found nowhere else in India, there exists a quaint daily custom which never fails to interest the visitor.

Every evening wild pigs from the Jungle gather on the fringe of one of the city palace gardens and hundreds of them fight for the Indian corn which is thrown down to them.

This custom of feeding the wild pig, which has been in vogue for many years, did not emanate entirely, or even primarily, from any kindly feeling towards the pigs; the main motive was a desire to protect the crops of the ryot, and in Udaipur the soil does not always respond very satisfactorily to the primitive efforts to coax it into fertility.

Whether the feeding of the wild pig has the result which is aimed at is doubtful, for pigs have usually appetites which appear to be insatiable, and there is no reason to suppose that the wild pigs of Udaipur are any exception to the general rule. But certainly they appreciate the corn which is scattered among them and daily as feeding time approaches they begin to gather at the foot of the building from which the corn is cast.

In the building mentioned there is a pit in which one of the most ferocious of these wild pigs is sometimes set to fight a panther which has been caught in a trap, and the two combatants are usually found to be fairly evenly matched. Elephants, too, are there sometimes pitted against each other, with mahouts to urge them on to the combat, but in this case it is not a fight to the finish —elephants are more valuable than tigers and wild pigs.

FRIEND OF THE UNDER DOG.

English Police Court Missionary Does Good Work.

"The prisoner was handed over to the care of the missionary."

Over and over again one sees this in the newspaper report of a police court case. The simple words suggest a wealth of romance, of pathos, and of deep human interest, to those who are familiar with the duties of the police court missionary, or, as he is sometimes dubbed by regular offenders, the court "pilot."

Every day the magistrate sits you will find the court missionary in his seat, generally near the reporters' box, says Answers.

He is the receptacle of some strange human secrets. He is the official peacemaker when husband and wife fall out, when lovers disagree, when neighbors quarrel, when passion threatens to warp sane judgment, and when recriminations are flung from dock to witness-box.

In the heat of a dispute people say and do things they would never think of in cooler moments. They fly to the police court to air their grievances. The wise magistrate knows that reflection and a little timely advice will bring a return of sanity, and he hands the disputants over to the missionary, who points out the error of their ways, and, in the majority of cases, sends them away chastened but happy.

Youths or girls who have taken the first step along the pathway of crime are the missionary's special care. Of later years there has been a welcome reluctance to send first offenders to prison. They are bound over and allowed to go free, but a condition of their freedom is that they report periodically to the missionary, so that he may see how they are progressing.

He feeds the hungry, clothes the poor, prevents crime, gives advice; and, in short, brings a really humanizing element into the somewhat sordid atmosphere of the police court. He prevents judicial separations and the misery which inevitably follows them. He sends lads who have become thieves into good situations on land or at sea. And, in spite of worries and responsibilities, he preserves a cheerful optimism that inspires all with whom he comes in contact.

I enjoy the acquaintance of one London missionary, says a writer, who is apparently as meek and mild a man as one could wish to encounter. Among this man's "clients" was a notorious wife-beater, who had been convicted of assault several times.

He was given a last chance, and, to escape going to prison again, he consented to place himself in the hands of the "pilot," who promised to visit him regularly every week.

With freedom came a renewal of the wife-beating proclivities. And it once chanced that he was in the act of beating for the second time the meek-and-mild little missionary paid his weekly visit.

Seeing what was taking place, he gently bade the husband to stop.

"If you strike her again I will strike you," he added.

The husband, a big, hulking brute, paused to laugh contemptuously, then he resumed operations.

In a flash the meek-and-mild little man became a raging fury. He gripped the big husband by the shoulders in a vice-like clutch and hustled him into the street. Then he threw off his coat.

"You've fought a woman, Bill," he said. "Now have a go at a man!"

Those who witnessed that fight remember it to this day. For round after round it went on, and the knowledge of boxing, coupled with the unsuspected strength of that little missionary, were a perfect revelation. Finally, an upper-cut like the kick of an ox stretched the bully on the ground, hopelessly beaten.

"Strewth!" murmured Bill, when he came round. "Strewth!"

His face dripping with blood, one eye closed, and his body aching from the punishment he had received —for he had had a stiff fight to win—the little police court "pilot" held out his hand.

"That was something like a scrap, Bill!" he grinned. "Come into the house and we'll have a cup of tea, and maybe a word or two of prayer." They went. And the years proved that his method was a winner.

Toronto, May 1.—The Ontario Government, in the guise of the Queen Victoria and Niagara Falls Park Commission, has been caught as a systematic smuggler of United States goods and has been made to forego to the Federal authorities several thousands of dollars which it should have paid in customs duties. The operations—described with the bills attendant upon them—have been detailed to Queen's Park following the apprehension of one of the park employees, who was crossing the international bridge with dutiable goods in his possession. The relation between the federal and provincial governments in the matter, the one representing the arm of the law and the other the male-factor, and also the fact that the smuggling was apparently a regular practice, made the case somewhat unique and of popular interest. Otherwise, however, little importance is attached to it by either Government. The Dominion Government has detected the invasion and the Provincial Government has paid the dues which, declaredly as a matter of convenience, it had neglected to pay, and there the matter is being allowed to rest.

The New Song Shoppe

will open for business in the store lately occupied by Mr. D. J. Hogan, about May 1st, with a full line of

Musical Instruments, and Accessories

Popular Music. Radios.

Brunswick Phonographs and Records.

The new Song Shoppe Orchestra is open for engagements.

Dates booked at the Song Shoppe.

WONDERLAND

WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY

One of the most novel and intensely interesting pictures of the season is the new William Fox comedy feature, "DARWIN WAS RIGHT."

Also a good Comedy.

FRIDAY and SATURDAY

Admittedly, brides have many troubles, but none ever had more than Mildred June experiences in the new William Fox production, "TROUBLES OF A BRIDE."

And next chapter of our new serial, "THE FAST EXPRESS."

And a 2-reel comedy.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

A picture of comedy and pathos about a little Irish orphan who, finding himself alone in New York, attaches himself to an old Hebrew junk dealer and brings the latter into a wealth of hilarious adventure, Jackie Coogan in "THE RAG MAN."

Also a special 2-reel comedy.

GEO. TUSTIN, Prop.

Wagons At a Sacrifice

Less than Cost

Here is your chance to save real money by buying a new Tudhope Anderson wagon at less than cost, as we are selling out this line.

The M. B. Mills Co.

2 Blocks South of Post Office

23-b

Vine's Electric Shop

RADIO! RADIO!

WHO SAYS RADIO ?

Call in and look at the Northern Electric Super Heterodyne.

We charge storage batteries and sell new ones as well.

Eveready Batteries of all kinds for radio work. Tubes, Phones, etc., Flashlight Batteries, and Lamps.

Then don't forget our electric stock of which we carry a full line of electric apparatus of all kinds, at the right prices. That Cosy Glow or Durable Heater for the bedroom, the National Range which has put all others in the background, and our regular lines of Irons, Toasters, Vacuum Cleaners, Washing Machines, Fixtures and Shades complete. Lamps all styles and colors.

House wiring a specialty.

One 4-burner Florence automatic oil stove, complete with oven ; one coal or wood range.

One 3-burner Oil Stove and oven. These stoves are in good condition and ready to use.

Vine's Electric Shop

Market Square, Napanee

'Phone 367.

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Successors to Hambly & Ming. 24-6m

YOUR BOOTS

Will last twice as long of you bring them to us and have them repaired. We repair rubber boots.

SEYMOUR BROS.,

Near Post Office.

Radiators.

Have that leaky radiator repaired and put in shape, before it does damage to your car. Good job done. T. Thompson, at Frank Kinkley's paint shop.

Prosperity Commences at Home

Patronize Your Home Town Merchants

PLANTS AND HEALTH

QUININE A MOST VALUABLE REMEDY.

Cocaine Is Obtained from Coca Plant —Camphor Is a Useful Drug Which Enters Into Medicine—Enemies of Poison-bearing Plants.

One of the most valuable remedies yet discovered is quinine, says an Old Country doctor. This wonderful drug, he said, has been known since 1655, when it passed under the name of "Jesuit's Powder." The bark became known in England about 1660, and Charles II. was considerably relieved by it during an attack of fever.

Two French astronomers who were travelling in Peru encountered the bark, and sent it home to Linnæus, the celebrated botanist, who named it Cinchona in honor of the wife of the Spanish Viceroy of Peru, who, falling ill of fever, was administered quinine by a native woman knowing of its medicinal properties, and derived much benefit from it.

The attention of the authorities in India was drawn to cinchona, and large quantities were shipped there recklessly. Naturally, there was a fear of the supply being exhausted, but definite steps were not taken until 1859-60.

The quinine-bearing country was partitioned up amongst several searchers, and a large collection of different species was made and shipped home to Kew, with great difficulty owing to obstruction from the Peruvian Government. Seedlings were then sent to India, where the forests of Sikkim were finally established.

The tsetse fly is generally known as the bearer of the germs of sleeping sickness, says a writer in John o' London's Weekly. The oil from Citronella grass keeps away sand flies and mosquitoes, but even then mosquito nets are advisable.

Various other plants are from time to time brought forward as remedies for the mosquito nuisance, one of which, birch-oil, is quite useful.

There is one curious fact about homely remedies against our lesser fly nuisances. In Yorkshire, when the old-fashioned musk plant used to smell, it was a common practice to place a bowl of musk on the dinner-table to drive away the flies. The authorities at Kew are making inquiries throughout the world to discover an example of a musk plant which still smells.

Camphor is a useful drug that has entered into medicine, and bruises, sprains, and similiar slight accidents are examples of cases where it may be used with good effect. There are two kinds of camphor, the one yielding a practically worthless oil, and the other the solid camphor lumps. The Japanese hold what is practically a monopoly in the production of solid camphor.

There is one plant which is known in history as doing much good and which to-day does a great deal of evil. That is the coca plant, from which cocaine is obtained.

It is a native of South America, and the South American Indians carry little bags full of dried coca leaves. These leaves are chewed much as we smoke tobacco, when they are on journeys, and are extremely sustaining.

Cocaine taken in this form is harmless, and if people would be content to chew the dried coca leaves instead of taking the concentrated form of the drug, no harm would be done. The concentrated form of the drug is of great value in minor surgical operations, such as the extraction of teeth.

Keeps The Home Clean

GILLETT'S PURE FLAKE LYE is the first-aid to home sanitation. Nothing equals it for cleaning out sinks and drains, cleaning greasy cooking utensils, keeping floors clean, etc. Get a can from your grocer. It will save you much hard labor.

GILLETT'S
100% PURE FLAKE
LYE

Brick

Special Prices to clear out the yard.

W. H. J. HAINES
TAMWORTH, - ONTARIO
24-tf

CUPID'S TASK IN CHINA

COUPLE MEET ONLY AFTER THE WEDDING CEREMONY.

Marriage In the Far East May Be Spectacular, But the Hopes and Aspirations of the Happy Pair Are Just the Same as Our Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed.

How would you like to be married before you ever meet your bride, or bridegroom, as the case may be?

That is what happens in China. A wedding ceremony in that land is in three parts, each carried out independently of the other.

The first part consists of an elaborate farewell between the bride and her parents, whose blessing she obtains. At the same time the groom undergoes a similar experience in his own parents' home.

Her farewells duly finished, the bride is led to the altar in a specially prepared apartment of her father's house.

A quaint business of feasting without eating follows. Delicate glasses are filled with highly-colored and scented liquids; fragile China bowls, each having its ivory chopsticks, are prepared with comestibles unknown to the "foreign devil." These are all offered to the bride, who raises them to her lips without tasting the contents.

The bride is now led up to a smaller altar, on which all the untouched comestibles are arranged. Here she kneels and prays, giving special reverence to her father as he takes up his position at each of the cardinal points of the compass in turn.

This over, she is taken away by her women attendants. The guests meanwhile listen to the music, supplied by a Chinese band, pending the arrival of the bridegroom, who goes through the mock eating and drinking ceremony in his own house. The musicians have a cosmopolitan repertoire, and play anything from "Stop Yer Tickling, Jock!" to Tosti's "Good-bye!"

A typically Eastern note is, however, provided by gong-beaters, whose job it is to drive away any evil spirits who may be trespassing.

The groom is in due course ushered in and led to the altar, where the Chinese equivalent of our page-boys bring him many bowls of mysterious foods and as many varieties and liquids.

The band plays loudly and continuously, except at intervals when the gong-beaters perform. These start in rotation, slowly and softly; then the beats grow quicker and louder until all the gongs—and there may be two to three dozen—are struck with one tremendous and impressive crash.

Silence—then, for the first time, the bride and her lover meet at the altar, being by this time already man and wife, truly married. They are subsequently ceremoniously conducted to their wonderful bridal chamber, where the bride's three or four hundren silken dresses are displayed.

Here they kneel and pray, long and earnestly, before again joining their guests, who are now being entertained by another band, and by expert Chinese or Malay dancing girls.

During the dancing the bride descends, and this time is permitted really to eat and drink from the enormous variety of refreshments provided. There is, too, except in rigid and very conservative families, an ornate wedding-cake a l'Anglaise, to be cut and distributed. At this point every guest is the recipient of some really valuable gift.

The festivities continue until a late hour, and their result is one very happy couple, not so very different in their loves, hopes, and aspirations from Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed, who have just survived their own particular ordeal somewhere in Canada.

AGENCY FOR **STAR CARS** ALL MODELS

Every owner of these Cars that I have met are decidedly well pleased with them.

Come in and look them over ; you will say they are right. No doubt I can take your present Car as part payment and extend payments for part of price if you wish. Drop in and talk it over. Will give you good value for your money.

You will get benefit of any price change.

JAMES ED. CLARK
At CARD'S GARAGE. 18tf NAPANEE.

Super-Eloquence.

The U. S. Ambassador, Mr. Frank Billings Kellogg—himself a clever lawyer—relates how he once lost a case through his own eloquence.

His client was a pretty woman, who was being sued by her husband for divorce, and Mr. Kellogg was endeavoring to obtain as much alimony for her as he could.

Suddenly, in the midst of a burst of eloquence, he was interrupted by the lady's husband.

"Your honor," exclaimed the husband, "I have suddenly decided to withdraw my suit, and, if my wife is willing, I would like to have her come back to me!"

When he was asked for his reason he explained:

"Mr. Kellogg has presented her in such an attractive light that I've fallen in love with her all over again!"

"The Best Man I Qnow."

In his new book, "My Life for Labor," Mr. Robert Smillie, M.P., the miners' leader, tells an amusing story.

When the King and Queen were visiting the Prince of Wales' estate in Kensington, they entered the house of Tom Richardson, the miners' M.P. His young daughter, Annie, showed them round. Lord Balfour of Burleigh, seeing the King glance at a picture of Keir Hardie on the wall, said: "A terrible man, that!"

Annie, overhearing him, said: "That is the portrait of one of the best men I know; if anyone does not like him, they need not stay in our house."

Hot Water Free.

Hot water is in future to be supplied free to the inhabitants of Windhoek, a small town in Southwest Africa. It is obtained from a hot-water spring which is connected with the ordinary water supply.

The Color of Soap

The white color emphasizes the purity which has made Baby's Own Soap so popular in Canadian Nurseries.

Its soothing fragrant lather cleanses and refreshes.

It is impossible to buy a purer soap than—

Baby's Own Soap

"Best for you and Baby too"

GONDOLAS ARE DOOMED.

Motor Boats Are Replacing the Water "Cabs" of Venice.

Venice is to lose her gondolas. The water "cabs" of the canals of the old Italian city are being replaced by motor boats. The Government has given a concession to a corporation which is making the change, and the whole outside world, except those who worship speed first always, regret the change.

Gondolas are so old that one poet has spoken of cabs as those "gondolas on wheels." For four hundred years they have been painted black, owing to an arbitrary order, but earlier gondolas were rich in design, color and embroidery. They are slender, flat-bottomed boats, some of them 30 feet in length, by four or five feet wide, curving out of the water at the ends, with ornamental bow and stern pieces. The gondolier stands at the stern with his face toward the bow, and propels the gondola with a long single oar, and with a graceful sweeping motion. Each gondola will seat from four to eight passengers, located in a sort of cabin near the centre.

The grace and beauty of the gondola, in the priceless setting of Venice, has been an inspiration to visitors for centuries, and has contributed to poetry, the drama and the opera. "The Gondoliers," by Gilbert and Sullivan, is a familiar instance in light opera. The setting of "The Merchant of Venice" gave Shakespeare a chance to picture some of the fine beauty of the old city. "What news on the Rialto?" one of the characters asks, and the old business section of the city, and the famous bridge of that name over the Grand Canal, are at once recalled.

Yes, the "white swan of cities" will be a changed city when the gondolas give way to the fast-puts. Their noises will screech through the winding canals, and the thousand-year-old St. Mark's and other treasures will seem out of keeping. There will be no Ruskin to raise his powerful voice once more for the preservation of Italy's past. Those who know the voice of the motor boat on the quiet waters of Muskoka or the St. Lawrence can appreciate what it will mean in Venice. Perhaps the result will spur the makers to muffle their sounds and make them as quiet as a well-bred motor car.

Eagle Feathers and War Bonnets.

The sight of the average fancy calendar showing a beautiful Indian maiden in a canoe with an eagle feather thrust in her raven locks moves most old-time Indians to laughter; and some almost to tears, for among nearly all tribes of the forests and plains the eagle feather was assumed only by a man who had proved his valor in battle, and almost never by a woman, unless, indeed, she had slain an enemy.

Among the Eastern or Santee Sioux at least, the following customs were in vogue:

First, if a man touched a living enemy he was entitled to the feather of the first coup. He was then permitted to wear an eagle feather standing upright on the back of his head. The second, third and fourth war honors were accorded to the next three men to touch an enemy, in decreasing importance. A person who took a scalp did an honorable thing, but it was not considered equal to counting any one of the four coups allowed. A man who counted a coup and took a scalp received only the credit of the coup. He was entitled to wear an eagle plume as having counted a coup, in other words, and the scalp merely added to his prestige.

If a man succeeded in getting into the very camp of the enemy he was entitled to wear an elaborate war bonnet of eagle feathers, but a woman, even if she had accomplished one of the above deeds, and had the right to own an eagle feather, was debarred by custom from wearing it. Instead she usually gave it to a male relative to wear for her.

In this connection it is of interest to observe that the great war-bonnets worn by distinguished men among the prairie tribes, such as the Sioux, Cheyenne, Arapahoe, Kiowa and others, were unknown east of the Mississippi river in early times. Fillets of fur, roaches woven of deer and porcupine hair, or their own shaven heads were in vogue in the forest.

Old Dictionaries.

A standard dictionary of the Chinese language, containing about 40,000 characters, most of them hieroglyphic, or rude representations, somewhat like our signs of the zodiac, was compiled by Paoutshe, who lived during the twelfth century B.C. A Latin dictionary was compiled by Varro, born in the year 116 B.C. The first complete English dictionary was that compiled by the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson, and published in 1756.

Alphabetically.

Proud Mother: "We name them all alphabetically—Alice, Basil, Charles —and now these twins, Dorothy and Edward."

Friend: "Splendid idea. But what will you do if Z's twins?"

Jokes Cracked by Jailbirds

A convict went to the Governor of the prison in which he was confined, and asked for his release.

"When is he due for his discharge?" the Governor asked a warder. "Not for another twelve months, sir," was the reply. "Then what on earth do you mean by coming here and asking for your discharge?" the Governor roared at the convict. "Well, sir," said the latter, "I give out the canvas for mail-bags, and consequently I have come in contact with a great many of the other prisoners here. They all assure me that they are innocent. As I am guilty, I thought I might contaminate them if I remained."

The above is told by Mr. Eustace Jervis in his interesting book, "Twenty-Five Years in Six Prisons." Mr. Jervis has been the chaplain of several prisons in England, and he has a great deal to tell of life behind prison bars. Here is another story of a convict who appeared before the Governor.

"Please, sir," asked the convict, "can I send a visiting order to my brother, so that he can come and see me?" "Yes," said the Governor. "What's his address?" "B 3 3/7, sir," said the convict. His brother was a prisoner in another part of the institution!

Mr. Jervis tells of an amazing and amusing coincidence in real life. A burglar was caught and sent to prison. When he came out he went straight for a time, but eventually took to crime again. His first "job" was at a house from which he had seen a woman go out marketing one morning. He waited until she was out of sight, and then rang the bell. There was no answer, so the crook forced a door. He made his way through deserted rooms to the bedroom, where he thought there might be some jewellery.

The blinds were down. This seemed strange at eleven in the morning. The crook left them as they were in order not to alarm the neighbors, and lighted the gas. Suddenly a voice said: "Hands up, Harry!"

In bed was the inspector who had captured the crook for his last offence.

On a certain day in the week, at one prison, the midday meal consisted of bacon and beans. The portions of bacon were on the small side, but the prisoners were helped liberally to vegetables. The warder who served out the food always asked each man: "Everything all right?" before locking them in their cells again.

One day, when the question was asked as usual, one convict said, anxiously: "I say, officer, you haven't given me my bacon?" "Yes, I have," he was told. "Have another look."

A few minutes passed and then the prisoner spoke again: "It's all right, officer," he said. "I've found my bacon. It had got hidden behind one of the beans."

The chairman of a visiting committee was an old gentleman with a long white beard. He was rather timid, and when any complaint was made he always answered: "Well, go away and make yourselves as comfortable as you can in the circumstances." A German prisoner, who fancied he had a grievance, duly appeared before the committee. When he had finished, the chairman answered as usual. The German went back to his cell and called to the warder: "What's up?" asked the officer. "I want two more blankets, an arrm-chair, a garpet unt rug vor de floor, and——" "Have you gone off your head?" demanded the warder. "I haf come to see ze gommidee," said the prisoner, importantly, "and zey said I vas to pe made as gomvortable as possible in der caircumstances."

In certain cases, where a prisoner is too poor to afford legal aid, he is allowed to ask any counsel in court to defend him. One prisoner pointed out a barrister. "I'll have that gentleman." "Oh, no, you won't," said the barrister, who was Sir Richard Muir, "I'm prosecuting you."

Here is another story illustrating the lighter side of prison life. One Sunday Mr. Jervis had told his congregation a story about a boy who had left prison and obtained work on a ship. Unfortunately on his first voyage he fell overboard and was eaten by a shark. The captain of the ship was upset. "He was the nicest lad I ever had," he said, sadly.

Next day Mr. Jervis was talking to one of the convicts about the sermon. "It was a very affecting story," said the convict. "Didn't you say that the captain said, 'He was just the nicest lad I ever had'?" "Yes," said Mr. Jervis, "that is what he said." "Well," said the convict, "I expect that's just what the shark said, too!"

On another occasion, in one of his sermons, Mr. Jervis told his congregation that they ought to pray for anything they wanted. One of the convicts who heard it was discharged soon afterwards. When he met the chaplain, the latter asked him how he was getting on. "I've got work, sir," said the man, "but I've given up religion. I don't believe in it." "Why's that?" asked the chaplain. "Well, sir, didn't you tell us to pray for anything we wanted? I prayed for a pair of boots and someone gave me a second-hand pair."

"Then why don't you believe in religion?"

"Oh, I wanted a new pair," said the convict.

Health of Children.

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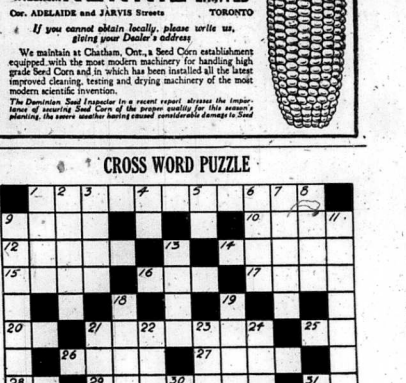
The Dominion Seed Inspection in a recent report stresses the importance of insuring Seed Corn of the proper quality for this season's planting, the severe weather having caused considerable damage to Seed

CROSS WORD PUZZLE



KEY TO CROSS WORD PUZZLE

HORIZONTAL.

1 Set apart for sacred service.
9 Painful.
10 Malt liquors.
12 One of Shakespeare's forests.
14 A pleasant odor.
15 An Aquatic plant.
16 A dead Egyptian Monarch (ab.)
17 A poetic narrative.
20 A preposition.
21 A glass worker.
25 Confused type.
26 A diving bird.
27 A crustaceous animal.
28 Toward: a preposition.
29 An artillery complement.
31 For example (ab.)
34 A prefix meaning about or around.
37 A food.
38 To measure; apportion.
40 An early Sclavonic.
41 Pertaining to tone (mus.)
42 Cannot be found.
45 A legal document.
46 Hypatia's philosophy.

VERTICAL.

1 The heart of a thing.
2 Methodical arrangement.
3 A necessity.
4 Edward nicknamed
5 God of Ancient Egypt.
6 Wood.
7 To run away with.
8 Half.
9 Ironical.
11 Chimes rung at mass.
13 An famous canal.
18 A covering garment.
19 An intoxicant made with pears
21 A small piece of chunk.
22 An industrious insect.
23 Water's winter wear.
24 A line of light.
30 An animal's end.
32 To get up.
33 Means clever (pl.)
35 A common metal.
36 A celebrated Roman called "Censorious."
38 Cut down.
39 A magnesium mineral.
43 Masonic governing body (ab).
44 Pronoun (neut.)

A	M	E	R	C	E	■	W	A	R	D	E	N	■	■
M	O	A	N	S	■	E	T	I	A	R	A	■	■	■
D	U	S	T	■	O	N	T	O	■	E	T	■	■	■
U	S	E	■	L	A	T	E	R	■	S	C	I	■	■
S	E	■	L	E	D	E	R	■	R	O	■	■	■	■
■	L	E	E	R	■	D	A	T	■	N	■	■	■	■
L	E	A	V	E	■	C	A	N	O	E	■	■	■	■
D	A	R	E	■	L	A	C	T	■	C	■	■	■	■
O	C	■	N	T	E	N	■	H	■	C	O	■	■	■
N	A	P	■	P	I	V	O	T	■	R	A	M	■	■
O	M	I	T	■	N	E	T	■	C	O	U	P	■	■
R	E	P	A	Y	■	R	■	P	A	U	S	E	■	■
S	L	E	P	E	Z	E	■	C	A	R	T	E	L	■

Answer to last week's puzzle.

Feed Grinding

On Saturday, Oct. 11th

we opened the well-known

WATER POWER MILLS AT MILLHAVEN

for Custom Grinding.

M. R. MIDMER.

M. MAKER

Beats the High Cost of Living

Prices Smashed Right and Left

All accounts due me must be settled on or before April 20th, otherwise they will be placed in court for collection.

All goods sold away below cost.

He is absolutely retiring from business and must realize quickly.

We defy any merchant in Napanee to meet his prices.

Look over his stock and then compare with others.

Get No. 1 Government Standard Seed Corn Here

And be assured of a good crop.

Longfellow, and White Flint, Improved Leeming, Wisconsin No. 7, Pride of Nishua, Golden Glow, White Cap, Yellow Dent, and all best varieties.

Also Buckwheat, Vetches, and Rape.

Also Frost Fences and Gates.

A newly decorated convenient house on Robert street to rent.

Fred A. Perry,
NAPANEE
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MASTERS & TIERNEY
UNDERTAKERS
FULL MOTOR EQUIPMENT
WALLPAPERS WINDOW SHADES

The Case and The Girl

by Randall Parrish

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"No, I don't—not now. What the h—l's the use? It would only make things harder. We're ready to make our get-away, ain't we? After tomorrow all h—l can't get onto our trail. This guy's life wouldn't help us none, so far as I can see."

"Getting squeamish, ain't you?"

"No, I'm not. I've got as much reason to hate the fellow as you have, 'Red.' He certainly swiped me one. Before we had the swag copped, I was willing enough to put him out of the running. That was his business. You sure did a fine job then, d—n you; now I don't think it is your time to howl. Listen here, will you? From all I learn, this bird amounts to something; he ain't just a dago to be bumped off, and nobody cure what's become of him. This guy has got friends. It won't help us any to be hunted after for murder on top of this other job. If we cop the kale, that's all we're after. Is that right, Del?"

The girl seemed to come forward and face them defiantly.

"Sure it's right. I never was for the strong-arm stuff, Hogan. This is my graft, anyhow, and not one of you stiffs gets a penny of it unless I split with you. This fellow isn't going to be slugged—that's flat. It is only because he's fell in love with the Coolidge girl that he is here, and once we've skipped out, I don't wish the guy any bad luck."

"You ought to have caught him yourself, Del," some one said. "The bird never would have known the difference."

She laughed, quickly restored to good humor.

"You're about right there, Dave," she answered. "That was another mistake; the only chance I ever had of mixing in high social circles. But h—l, I'll be a lady tomorrow, so let's let the poor devil go. Wrap him up, and lay him away out in the garage. The walls are two-foot solid stone; he'll stay buried there, all right."

Hogan growled in derision, yet it was evident that she and Hobart would have their way. Some one brought a rope, which was deftly wound about him, West continuing to feign unconsciousness. He secretly hoped the condition might result in some carelessness on their part, in either speech or action. Anyway it would undoubtedly save him from further brutal treatment. He had no reason to suspect that his value was questioned. The fellows spoke freely while making him secure, but he gained very little information from their conversation—not a hint as to where Natalie was confined, or how long it was proposed to hold them prisoners. Then "Red" and Dave lugged his limp body through several rooms, out upon a back porch, finally dragging him down the steps and along a cement driveway, letting him lie there a moment in the dark, while one of them unlocked the door. The next instant he was carelessly thrown inside, and the door forced back into place. He could hear Hogan swear outside, and then the sound of both men's feet on the drive as they departed.

With a struggle West managed to sit up, but could scarcely attempt more, as his arms were bound closely to his sides. The darkness about him was intense, and, with the disappearance of the two men up the steps, all outside sounds had ceased. He knew he had been flung into the garage and was resting there on the hard cement floor. He could neither feel nor see any machine, nor was there probably the slightest prospect of his getting out unaided.

What was that? He listened, for an instant doubtful if he had really heard anything. Then he actually heard a sound. He doubted no longer, yet made no effort to move, even holding his breath in suspense. There was movement of some kind back there—a cautious movement; seemingly the slow advance of something across the floor, a dog perhaps. West's heart throbbed with apprehension; suppose it was a dog, he had no means of protection from the brute. Cold sweat tingled on his flesh; there was nothing he could do, no place where he could go. The thing was moving nearer; yet surely it could not be a dog; no dog would ever creep like that. He could hear the strain no longer; it was beyond endurance.

"What's moving back there?" he asked in a hoarse whisper.

There was a moment of utter silence; then, a man's voice said in low, cautious tone.

"The fellow ain't dead, Mac; anyhow he seems able to talk yet."

"All right, we'll find out what he's got to say—go along."

West sat up, his heart bounding with sudden remembrance.

"My G—d! McAdams, is that you?"

"You have the name—who's speaking?"

"Matt West. Good G—d, but this is like a miracle. I'd played my last card.

Come here, one of you, and cut these strings. I cannot even move, or stand up. Is it really you, Mac? Yes, yes, I am all right; they bruised me up a bit, of course, but that is nothing. Now I have a chance to pay them out. But who are with you? and how did you come to be here?"

McAdams rap his knife blade through the bindings, feeling for them in the dark. Neither could see the other, but West realized that another

Pass it around after every meal. Give the family the benefit of its aid to digestion. Clean teeth too. Keep it always in the house. 881

Costs little - helps much

WRIGLEY'S

"My God! McAdams, Is That You?"

man had crept up on the opposite side of him, and crouched there silently in the blackness.

"Weed are help, Mac?" the latter questioned in a whisper.

"No, I've got him cut loose. This is the lad I told you about, Carlyn. You go on back, and, as soon as West gets limbered up a bit, and I hear his story, we'll join you there. Then we'll know how the ground lies."

The fellow crept away unseen, and McAdams gripped West's hand.

"Say, but this is mighty good luck, old boy," he blurted out. "I was afraid you'd gone down in that yacht last night."

"You were! How did you know about it?"

"Stumbled onto the story, the way most detectives solve their mysteries. That is, I stumbled on some of it, and the rest I dug out for myself. It won't take long to explain and perhaps you better understand. They told me at the office when I got back about the Seminole being tied up at the Municipal pier, and that you had gone down there. Well, I made it as quick as I could, but the yacht was three hundred yards out in the lake by the time I arrived. There wasn't a d—n thing to take after it in, and, besides, just then, I didn't really know any good police reason for chasing her. First thing I did was to try and find you, so we could get our heads together. But you weren't there, and so I naturally jumped to the conclusion you must have got aboard someway. Say, I combed that pier, believe me, West, and finally I ran across a kid who put me wise. He saw you go across the deck, and into the cabin with two other guys. They came out again, but you didn't. I pumped him until I got a pretty good description of both those fellows, and I decided one of them must be 'Red' Hogan, about the toughest gunman in Chicago.

"It was Hogan."

"I made sure of that afterward. Then I got busy. If you was in the hands of that guy, and his gang, the chances was dead against you. But there wasn't a darn thing I could do, except to hunt up Hobart, wire every town along the North shore to keep an eye out for the yacht, and pick up a thread or two around town. I got a bit, at that, to wise me up. We found Hobart hid away in a cheap hotel out on Broadway, and put a trailer on him. The girl had disappeared; she'd been to a bank, and then to the Coolidge lawyer and signed some papers; after that we lost all trace of her for awhile. Your man Sexton, out at Fairlawn, reported that she hadn't returned there. Then I got desperate and decided I'd blow the whole thing to the Coolidge lawyer, and get him to take a hand. I was afraid they were all ready for the get-away—see? I couldn't round 'em up alone; besides I'm a Chicago police officer, and have to keep more or less on my own beat."

"And you told the lawyer?"

"Everything I knew, and some I guessed at. I thought the old guy would throw a fit, when he didn't. He came through game after the first shock. But say, that dame had sold him out all right. He never had an inkling anything was wrong; no more did the banks. We went over and talked to the president of one of them—a smooth guy with white mutton chops—and the girl had signed up the preliminary papers already, and tomorrow the whole boodle was going to drop softly into her lap. Say, I felt better when I learned they hadn't copped the swag yet. But—just the same I needed help."

"And you got it?"

"Sure; those two duffers coughed up money in a stream. Called in a detective agency, and gave me three operatives to work under me. Got the chief on the wire, and made him give me a free hand. Then I had a cinch."

CHAPTER XVIII

A Bridge of Love.

He paused, listening, but all remained quiet without, and he resumed his story.

"There is not much else to it, West. A little after one o'clock the shadow phoned in from the Union depot that Hobart had just purchased two tickets for Patacne. We hustled over, but were too late to catch that train, but learned the girl had accompanied him on the trip. We caught another rattler two hours later, and got off at Patacne, which is about three miles west of here. It is not much of a job to gather up gossip in a small burg, and inside of ten minutes I had extracted all I needed from the station agent. It seems this outfit was the summer sensation out here. We hoofed it for reasons of our own, and came across the end of the lake shore, aiming to keep out of sight until after dark. That is how we discovered that Seminole boat hauled up on the beach, but with no sport in sight. We laid on the fellow with me and Hogan did a boat-sinking job before and got away with it, and that is how I figured that maybe you was at the bottom of Lake Michigan—see? Well, we crept up here through the woods, but nothing happened. Didn't look as if the place had a soul within a hundred miles of it—no smoke, no light; not a d—n sound. We laid and waited, not sure what we were up against. Finally we jimmied open the back door of this garage, just to find out whether those guys had a car out here, or not. They had, but we is no more than located it when those two fellows came dragging you out of the back door of the house, and flung you in here like a bag of old linen. We lay still, and let them go back. We didn't pay any attention it was really you; so we crawled up to find out. That's the story. Now what do you think we better do?"

West moved his arms in an effort to restore circulation.

"How many with you?"

"Four altogether—hard bolled, too—five with you. Is there any fight left in you, old man?"

"Will say there is; I'd certainly like to get in one clip at 'Red' before the fracas is over."

"That sounds vicious. Now, who is inside?"

"I saw five, and there may be others. If the crew of the Seminole are here also, that would make quite a bunch."

"I don't think they are, Captain. The station agent said several men bought tickets to Chicago early this afternoon. It is the real gang we've got cornered. Do you know just who they are?"

"Those I saw were Hobart, 'Red' Hogan, the girl, a big fellow they called Mark who was on the yacht—"

"Mark Sennett; he's Hogan's sidekick, and tough as they make 'em."

"And a wiry little black-haired devil by the name of Dave."

"H—l, is he in this too? That must be 'Dago Dave.' That guy would cut your throat for fifty dollars. Any others?"

"Those were all I saw. No doubt Hobart's wife is in the house somewhere, guarding Natalie Coolidge probably."

"Sir, altogether, counting the women."

"Yes, and you better count them, for they will fight like tigers. The girl held me up at the point of a gun."

"We've got to get the drop first, that's all. They're yellow, the whole outfit is yellow. Shootin' in the back is their style. Now, you know the lay inside the house; what is our best chance?"

West studied over the situation, his eyes staring into the darkness, and McAdams waited.

"Well, Mac," he said finally. "This is a new job for me, but I'd put a man out in front, and then take the others in through the back door. We'd have to rush it, of course. I know the front door is locked, and it couldn't be broken down quickly. I listened when those fellows went back, and I heard no click. Even though they had locked the door behind them. They don't know anybody has been after them except me, and they believe I am done for. They feel so safe out here, they are a bit careless. I'll wager something we can walk straight in on the outfit; how does that strike you?"

"As the only feasible plan. Let's crawl out of here."

The arrangements were quickly perfected; a short, whispered conference in the dark; then one man crept silently away through the night toward the front of the house. McAdams added a few minor words of instruction to the others, and, with West slightly in advance, revolvers drawn and ready, the five stole forward in the direction of the rear porch. The windows were either heavily curtained, or covered by outside shades, for no gleam of light was anywhere visible. West mounted the back steps silently, with McAdams close at his heels. A second later the entire bunch of officers were grouped before the door, poised breathless, listening for any sound from within. Nothing broke the impressive silence, and McAdams' hand closed over the knob, which he turned slowly. The door opened quietly into a darkened interior. For an instant he bent forward, peering through the narrow crack, endeavoring to learn what lay hidden beyond, the others quivering behind him. There was scarcely the

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Read Alberta Woman's Experience with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Provost, Alberta.—"Perhaps you will remember sending me one of your books a year ago. I was in a bad condition and would suffer awful pains at times and could not do anything. The doctor said I could not have children unless I went under an operation. I read testimonials of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the papers and a friend recommended me to take it. After taking three bottles I became much better and now I have a bonny baby girl four months old. I do my housework and help a little with the chores. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my friends and am willing for you to use this testimonial letter."—Mrs. A. A. ADAMS, Box 54, Provost, Alberta.

Pains in Left Side

Lachine, Quebec.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because I suffered with pains in my left side and back and with weakness and other troubles women so often have. I was this way about six months. I saw the Vegetable Compound advertised in the 'Montreal Standard,' and I have taken four bottles of it. I was a very sick woman and I feel so much better I would not be without it. I also use Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I recommend the medicines to my friends and I am willing for you to use my letter as a testimonial."—Mrs. M. W. Rose, 580 Notre Dame St., Lachine, Quebec.

sound of a breath audible. The detective hesitated; such luck, such carelessness on the part of criminals seemed almost uncanny; he half suspected some trap. Then he became convinced that this was only the result of recklessness—the fellows felt so safe in this hidden hole in the woods as to neglect all precaution. He stepped cautiously inside, leaving the door ajar for the others to follow. Then they passed straight ahead a double swinging door, divided the kitchen in which they were from another room beyond. Through the center crack shone a single bar of light, barely visible, and forth through that same orifice came the sound of a voice speaking. McAdams flung up his hand in signal, and then crept silently forward.

It was apparently a quarrel among thieves over the spoils, each fearful lest the other was double-crossing. Hobart and "Red" Hogan were doing most of the talking, although occasionally, others chimed in, and once there was a woman's voice added to the debate. Seemingly the whole gang were present; a strong odor of tobacco smoke stole through the crack in the door. Both Hobart and Hogan were angrily. Who was to remain out there on guard while Hobart and the girl returned to Chicago for the money was evidently the question. Hogan wishing to accompany them to make sure of his share. The woman sided with Hobart, the other men apparently ranged up with "Red," and some very plain talking was indulged in.

McAdams listened grimly, the light through the crack showing his lips curled in a smile of appreciation. He lowered his head, and with one eye at the slight opening gained a glimpse of the lighted room beyond. A moment, motionless, he stared in on the scene; then straightened up, and, with revolver in hand, signaled to the others to close in closer. They stood there for a tense instant, poised and eager; then the doors were flung crashing back, and they leaped recklessly forward, out of the darkness into the light. It was a furious flash—sharp, merciless, uncompromising. The thieves, startled, desperate, were hurled back by the first rush against the further wall, tables and chairs overturned, the shrieking woman pushed headlong into one corner, and one of the fellows downed by the crashing butt of a revolver. But the others, rallied, maddened, desperate, in a rage to fight, fighting as animals fight. Hobart fired, catching an assailant in the arm; Hogan snatched up a chair and struck viciously at West, who leaped straight forward, breaking the force of the blow, and driving his own fist into the man's face. It was all over within a minute's fierce fighting—the surprise turning the trick. Hobart went down cursing, the gun kicked out of his hand, his arm broken; Hogan, struggling still, but pinned to the floor by three men, was given a blow to the chin which left him unconscious, and the other two threw up their hands and yelled for mercy. McAdams wiped his streaming face, and looked around.

It was a shambles, the floor spotted with blood, the table overturned and broken, a blanket over one of the windows torn down, a smashed chair in one corner. The detective who had been shot was still lying in front of the door, "Red" lay motionless, a ghastly cut over his eye, and Hobart, his arm dangling, sat propped up against the wall, cursing, malevolent, but helpless. On the other side stood Sennett and "Dago Dave," their hands high above their heads; each looking into the leveled barrel of a gun. The woman had got to her knees, and, dazed from the blow which had felled her. The ex-service man smiled grimly, well satisfied.

"Some surprise party, eh, Jim?" he asked pleasantly. "This rather puts a crimp in your little game, I would say, old boy. Going to cop the whole boodle tomorrow, was you?"

"Who the h—l are you?"

"Well, if I answer your questions, perhaps you will answer mine. I am McAdams of the City Hall station, Chicago, and I know exactly what I am here after. So the best thing you guys can do, is cough up. Who's that girl who has been working with you?"

Hobart glared sullenly, but made no response.

"You'll not answer?"

"Oh, go to h—l!"

"All right, old top. She is in this house somewhere, and can't get out. Somers, look around a bit; try behind those curtains over there."

The officer stepped forward, but at

Hogan Snatched Up a Chair and Struck Viciously at West.

the same instant the draperies parted, and two girls stood beside each other in the opening, framed against the brighter glare of light beyond—two girls, looking so alike, except for dress and the arrangement of their hair, as to be almost indistinguishable. Natalie white faced, frightened, gazing with wide-open eyes on the strange scene before her; the other smiling and audacious, her glance full of defiance. It was the voice of the latter which broke the silence.

"Am I the one you want, Mr. Bob McAdams?" she asked clearly. "Very well, I am here."

McAdams stared at them both, gulping in startled surprise at the vision confronting him, unable to find words. Then his eyes fixed themselves on the face of the speaker.

"What!" he burst forth. "You, Del? Great Scott! your name was Hobart, wasn't it? Why, I never once connected you two together. Is—is this guy your father?"

"I don't know about that," she returned indifferently. "It is a matter of argument I believe. However, Bob, what's the odds now? I am the one you're after, Mister Fly-Cop; and here I am."

She walked forward, almost proudly, her eyes shining, and gazing fearlessly into his. He stepped back, one hand extended.

"No, Del, this must be a mistake. I—I can't believe it of you; you—you are not a crook."

"Oh, yes I am," she insisted, but with a tremor in the low voice. "I've never been anything else, Bobby boy—thanks, thanks to that thing down there."

Natalie still remained poised uncertainly in the doorway, scarcely realizing what was occurring before her; she saw suddenly a familiar face, and held out her hands.

"Oh, Matt, what is it?" she cried. "Is—is it all over?"

"Yes, all over dear; these are police officers."

"And that—that girl? She looks so much like me. Who is she? Do you know?"

West clasped her hands tightly, his voice sunk to a whisper.

"She is your sister, Natalie," he asserted quickly; "your twin sister."

Her unbelieving eyes swept to his face.

"My sister; my twin sister? But I had none."

"Yes, but you did," he insisted gently. "You never knew it, but Percival Coolidge did. This was his devilish scheme, plotted years ago when you were born. Now here is the end of it—the girl is your sister. There is no doubt of that."

"No doubt, you say! My sister!" Her head lifted, and there was a flame of color in her cheeks. "My sister!" she repeated, as though she would thus make it seem more true. "Then I will go to her, Matthew West."

She loosened the clasp of her fingers and walked forward, her eyes filled with tears. Straight across the room she went, her hands outstretched to where the other shrank back from her in embarrassment—between them still the gulf which love must bridge.

[THE END.]

Herring Fishers and Wireless.

The herring fishers of Britain have special reason to be grateful for the perfection of wireless telegraphy. A few years ago the comparatively few trawlers which had been equipped with wireless installations by the Admiralty during the war were regarded as curiosities.

To-day most of the large trawlers, and certainly all the fleets of trawlers, have at least one boat equipped with wireless. This enables them to keep in touch with ports and owners.

They can learn when fish is scarce and prices likely to justify a race back to port, or when a general glut has forced down prices so that they might as well stay another night at sea.

The wireless installations also enable them to keep in touch with the airplanes which have been used for "spotting" shoals of herring, so that the trawlers can move off at once to the most profitable fishing grounds.

There is another benefit, for in the slack time while trawlers or nets are drifting, the men off duty can pick up concert programs from different centres.

Ears Tell Age of Fish.

The age of the cow is determined by its horns (if it has any); the horse by its teeth; the tree by its rings; the rattlesnake by its rattles, and now a scientist has found out that the age of a fish can be told by its ears. This scientific conclusion will prove of value to fish canneries and fishing preserve experts. In the internal ear of the fish there is a bony pocket. In this pocket there is a tiny stone, called an "otolith," which rolls about as the fish lips this way and that, and helps it to know if it is right side up. As the fish grows older the otolith grows larger. Prof. Harkness has made a study of the rate of the otolith's growth and can now tell from the size of this "ear-stone" just how old the fish really is.

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MEMENTOES THAT AMAZE US.

Some Queer Finds by Souvenir Hunters.

The controversy over the horns of Jenner's cow, from which he obtained lymph for the first inoculation against smallpox, is typical of many remarkable and amusing mementoes.

The cow already has about six authentic horns, according to various claimants. In the same way, sacred relics of the Cross and various saints can be "authentically" produced in such quantities as to give dozens of the original article.

Recently Napoleon's last shirt, the last glass he drank from, and a piece of his coffin realized considerable prices from eager memento gatherers.

A few months ago, when the Earl of Ashburnham died, it was revealed that a chest in the keeping of the family contained the shirt in which Charles I. was executed.

It was recently recorded that when a party of American sightseers were being shown over Abbotsford, a former home of Sir Walter Scott, a splinter was kicked up off the floor. The man who was showing the party round threw the splinter aside, but a tourist eagerly picked it up and divided it into portions, to be kept as mementoes.

One can almost understand a rich collector paying £250 for an autograph manuscript of Burns' song, "O wat ye wha's in yon town?" but when we read of £20 being paid for the dog collar worn by the famous dog Pullerton, which won the Waterloo Cup on four occasions, one begins to wonder where memento hunters will stop.

In fact, some of them do not know where to stop, for a short time ago a fine marble medallion was hacked out of the porch at Sir Francis Bacon's old home in Hertfordshire.

Early this year the clothes worn by President Lincoln when he was assassinated were sold by auction, and fetched several thousand dollars. Even then some souvenir hunters had got there first, for the overcoat had no sleeves, and several other parts had been cut away to form mementoes.

Hairs of murderers and assassins are frequently sought by morbid-minded souvenir hunters, and a record, duly authenticated, of the death of Napoleon states that small parts of Napoleon's corpse were taken away during the autopsy.

Robinson Crusoe's gun was sold in 1924 for £215—an old flint-lock musket dating back to about 1700.

Not long ago a Frenchman startled historic circles by claiming to have bought the skull of Henry IV.

But perhaps the most comical case of memento-hunting occurred quite recently. The Mayoress of Grimsby, Eng., opened a local swimming-bath by being the first to plunge in. She wore an attractive sick costume. This apparently proved so delightful that it was stolen soon after, when drying in her garden. The story was made public, and a little while after a man cycled past the Mayoress' house and threw a parcel into the garden. It contained the costume undamaged. Apparently the admirer had repented.

Rather Hard on the Apples.

Father: "Where's baby?"

Mother: "I locked him in the cupboard an hour ago. I asked him just now if he'd like to come out and be a good boy, but he refused."

Father: "For goodness sake! let him out at once! I stored the apples there yesterday!"

The weight of the earth is estimated to be 6,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons.

Facts About Paper Making.

The water mark in paper is accomplished by means of pressure, whether paper is made by hand or by machinery, the principle remains roughly the same as was employed centuries ago. That is, the rag, wood, or other material is pulped with water, and then spread on a frame through which the water drains, leaving the pulp in a very thin skin to dry out into the rudiments of paper. In the hand-made process, the frames through which the pulp drains are marked by an outstanding wire device and as the waters runs off, the paper film is left slightly thinner where this device has been standing. In machine-made paper, where the essence of the process is the carriage of the pulp on a never-stop belt, the mark is impressed by a kind of skeleton roller past which the pulp is lead. In either case, the same result is attained, the pulp being left thinner where the mark has pressed. This is the system that gives us our "water-mark," and it gets its name from being applied as the water is draining off the pulp.

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E. J. POLLARD.
Editor and Proprietor.

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GPN 86

GROW MORE ALFALFA

IT BUILDS UP THE SOIL AND MAINTAINS FERTILITY.

Eradicates the Worst of Weeds and Furnishes Great Abundance of Rich Hay For the Live Stock.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

In a survey covering an investigation on 900 farms, those that were growing alfalfa showed an average net profit of $1,200 per farm against $728 per farm profit for those that were not growing alfalfa. This difference of nearly $500 in profit was due to the alfalfa and farm practice that goes with it.

Use Hardy Strains.

Ontario Variegated and the Grimm varieties are more winter proof than the common or southern grown. These alone should be used in Ontario. The seed may cost a little more, but when everything is at stake against King Winter, the additional cost of good seed is your insurance for a return in crop. Hardy varieties last longer, and when once established and given rational treatment, remain vigorous and profitable for many years.

Alfalfa's Greatest Need Is Lime.

Alfalfa is a lime hungry plant; it cannot succeed where lime does not exist in abundance. Each ton of hay produced requires approximately 100 pounds of lime. So the attempted growing of alfalfa on soils that are sour or lacking in lime, is time, money and labor thrown away. Correct the lime deficiency first, if the soil needs it apply up to two tons per acre every five years. Most Ontario soils do not require more than a ton per acre every five years. With a yield of four tons of alfalfa hay per acre over a period of five years a ton of lime will be removed from the soil. So you see the need of returning lime to the medium in which the plant grows.

How to Apply Lime.

Apply lime to the surface of ploughed land. Do not plough it under; work it in with the harrow. Lime may be spread over the surface of the land by using a lime distributor, the manure spreader, or shovelling from the waggon box by hand. Autumn is the best time, after the fall ploughing has been done.

Vigorous Growth Follows Inoculation.

Areas on which alfalfa has not been grown should be treated through the application of 200 pounds of bacteria carrying soil per acre. Soil obtained from successful fields fulfils this requirement. Seed may be inoculated to accomplish the same result. This is generally the easiest way, unless soil is close at hand. The Bacteriology Department at the O. A. C., Guelph, will supply for 50 cents sufficient culture to treat a bushel of seed, the requirement for three acres.

Seed Bed Should Be Well Prepared.

Select reasonably rich soil and prepare it well. Do not waste time on worn out land unless you realize the necessity of applying lime and manure to feed the crop to a point of vigorous establishment. Land that has both good surface and under drainage is best. Avoid heavy, flat areas, with hardpan or tight clay subsoils. Alfalfa is a deep-rooted plant and must have root room. Prepare for the seeding by working up a fine surface on a firm seed bed. Autumn ploughing worked down in the spring with cultivator, harrow, and corrugated roller will give the desired condition provided that the weather is right for work on the land.

Use Plenty of Seed.

On land in good condition and adapted to alfalfa growing 15 pounds of good Canadian grown Grimm variegated seed is sufficient. Timothy may be mixed with the alfalfa seed as an agent of security to hold the blue grass in check until the alfalfa is well established. Its presence ensures a hay crop should the alfalfa winter kill the first year. It is a good practice to use three or four pounds of alfalfa seed in the general hay mixture over the farm. Such a practice will bring the entire farm into condition for successful alfalfa growing without very much effort or cost.

Alfalfa needs a protective covering over winter. Eight inches or more of growth to hold the snow is provided by the alfalfa plant in its September growth. Those that cut or graze alfalfa after September 15th kill all chances of future profits from alfalfa growing. Two good crops taken at the right time should suffice, and then give the plant a chance to recover for winter.

Early cutting weakens the plant; late cutting gives a coarse, poorer quality hay. Cut when the crop has nearly reached the full bloom condition. Cut but twice a year, leaving the third growth for winter protection.—L. Stevenson, Director of Extension, O. A. College.

Rotation of Crops.

It is highly important that the soil be given a rest, oats following oats, or corn following corn is not good farming, it is soil mining. If the soil is rich the evil day will be delayed, but the time will surely come when those who do not give the soil a chance must pay the price and suffer in reduced crops, plant diseases, insect injury, and weeds.

No one rotation is the best under all conditions, but to all accepted crop rotations, certain principles can be applied, so that each particular farm can be fitted with a definite plan suited to its peculiarities. Give the matter of crop rotation some consideration, it will pay you. The staff of the Ontario Agricultural College are glad to help you with any farm problem.—L. Stevenson, Dept. of Extension, O. A. College.

How Camphor Is Made.

As a perfume, camphor has been known and valued by the people of China and Japan for centuries. Originally obtained from gum deposits occasionally found in old camphor trees, it is now extracted from the wood itself, which, after being sawn through lengthwise, is reduced to chips and heated in a still.

The vapor given off in this way passes through bamboo pipes into a cooling chamber, where it condenses in crystal form, known as "flowers." These crystals are collected and exported to Europe, where they are further purified by being mixed with lime and charcoal and refined in special retorts. The oil thus obtained should not be confused with camphorated oil, which consists of camphor dissolved in olive oil.

A small piece of soap mixed with the starch makes ironing easier, and gives a splendid gloss.

"GEY" GORDONS.

Have as Much Right to the Name as Any Highlander.

There are two kinds of Gordons—the "gay Gordons" and the "gey" Gordons. The second, it may be explained, are so-called by the first, the adjective "gey" having very much the same meaning in Scotland as the adjective "some" has in America.

The "gay Gordons" are the descendants of a Norman knight, Adam de Gourdon, who settled in Scotland at the command of Edward I. to help keep the Scots in order. The sequel was hardly what Edward could have looked for, for the house of Gordon was soon as Scottish as any of the clans. But then Edward's Scottish calculations often went wrong—another of those Norman on whom he relied to keep the Scots in order was named Robert Bruce.

So much for the "gay Gordons," but who are the "gey" Gordons? When we say that they are mostly Lows, every true-born Scot will rise up and say that the "gey" exactly describes them.

But does it? As a matter of fact, the Jewish Gordons have as much right to the name as anyone, and are every whit as true Gordons as any born in the Huntly country. They derive their name, according to one Jewish scholar, from the town of Grodno, in Russia. The biographies of five of these Russian Gordons are given in the "Jewish Encyclopedia."

The Grodno theory, however, is not accepted by all who have studied the subject. It has been suggested that the name Gordon is derived from the Egyptian words "kor," meaning a circle, and "ten," to reckon. In support of this, the chronicler Benedict of Peterborough states that the ancient Scots "used the rites and manners of the Egyptians, from whom they took their first beginning."

Of late, a great deal has been written about this supposed Egyptian origin of the Scots, Gerald Massey being the pioneer of this very interesting line of research. This can hardly affect the question of the origin of the Gordons, however, as the first Scottish Gordon seems to have been of Norman origin, whether he was Adam de Gourdon or another. According to some authorities, there were two Norman knights of their name from the lands of Gordon, in Berwickshire, who had settled in Scotland before Sir Adam.

Tombs of Distant Times.

The world's oldest stone buildings are reported to have been discovered near the famous pyramids of Sakkara, about fifteen miles south of Cairo. They are two royal tomb chapels of the third Egyptian dynasty, about 4,000 B.C.

Built in a style differing in almost every respect from what is known as Egyptian architecture, the chapels are believed to have been the burial places of princesses or queens. Fragments of gravestones of royal princesses are said to have been found by archaeologists who have been digging on the site.

'AULD REEKIE'S' CHARMS

SCOTTISH TOWN WITHOUT AN INDUSTRY.

Edinburgh Skyscrapers Almost Vie With Those of United States—Content to Depend on Her Own Uncanny Charm.

Edinburgh's face may be said to be her fortune, and no mean fortune at that, writes Herbert Vivian in an Old Country paper. Other cities rely on factories and industries for their prosperity. Possessing neither, Edinburgh is content to depend for hers on her own uncanny charm, with which she is perhaps more plenteously endowed than any other city in Britain.

Emerging from the chief railway station, we realize two Edinburghs. We are immediately steeped in the bustle of electric trams and all the paraphernalia of modern prosperity. But, within a bow-shot, what a contrast is afforded by the tall, gaunt houses of old Edinburgh, where the Middle Ages still linger undisturbed!

Every other city spread itself out into suburbs as the population grew. But Edinburgh expanded upwards, piling storey on storey, until her skyscrapers almost vied with those of the United States.

The outer doorways of each towering house are empty, revealing mysterious corkscrew staircases of stone as one associates with castle keeps, and they lead to small, worn-eaten, battered flats, where, once upon a time, kilted nobles and merchant princes used to live huddled together.

Everything in the old part of the town is picturesque. The famous "wynds" and "closes" and "entries" are the chief characteristic of old Edinburgh. We bend under a low archway, or grope through the darkness, touching a wall on either hand. Then, all of a sudden, we emerge in a cobbled courtyard or little square unlike anything on earth. It might be a village in fairyland, with long flights of stairs outside each cottage.

There is a striking suggestion in the slums of Naples or Genoa about the ancient streets. This may be due to the odd T-shaped contrivance, which are rather like horizontal, useless aerials, three feet in length, and project from most of the street windows. Originally as the forenoon advances we see their strings decked out with everybody's washing: sheets and shirts and other intimate garments. The effect is picturesque in the extreme, but always startles newcomers to the capital of the Kingdom of Scotland.

Edinburgh, of course, is filled with memories of Mary Queen of Scots, but nowhere are they stronger than in the Palace of Holyrood. Here we may see her room scarcely changed since she slept in that broad, low bed. Her workbox and mirror stand undisturbed. And on the floor of the outer chamber is a tablet to mark the spot where Rizzio expired. Other parts of the palace have been modernized for the sittings of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. But the chief glory of Edinburgh is the wonderful old castle, home of Scottish kings, perched defiantly on a rock. Before the construction of the wide esplanade last century, the castle was almost impregnable.

An odd thing about this approach is that it is still legally a part of Nova Scotia, having been so constituted in the time of Charles I. for the convenience of the newly-instituted baronets, who were supposed to receive their titles from Nova Scotia, and had to take "seisin," or possession, on what was nominally Nova Scotian soil. So, after visiting Edinburgh Castle, we can truthfully say that we have been to Nova Scotia.

Outside the room where the Scottish crown jewels are kept we are shown a stone different in color from the others in the wall. In 1830 some workmen found this stone sounded hollow, so they prised it open and discovered the remains of an infant boy, wrapped in cloth of gold. The governor, however, ordered it to be replaced, so the mystery has never been solved.

Robert Louis Stevenson and other particularly proud admirers of old Edinburgh, deeming it almost an insult to the grandeur of the new. And the new is very grand. When the railway migrated from the slums of Auld Reekie and crossed a chasm to found Princes Street, they created what is probably the most splendid promenade in the world. It is not a street so much as a terrace, for the houses are on one side only—palatial houses, aristocratic clubs, splendid hotels, luxurious shops—overlooking a wide expanse of greensward and flower beds and many statues, and a railway in a valley that was once the moat of the mysterious old town.

Edinburgh likes, or once liked, to be called "the Modern Athens," and there is certainly a suggestion of the old Greek capital about the twelve tall columns which stand out against the skyline on Calton Hill. These are the memorial "Scottish price of Scottish poverty." A public subscription was opened in 1824 to erect a memorial to the Scottish soldiers of the Peninsular War. This was to take the form of a building after the style of the Parthenon. But the plan failed for lack of funds, and the twelve solitary pillars, erected at a cost of £1,000 each, alone remain to tell the story.

Visible for Eighty Miles.

The most powerful electric searchlight in the world, with a normal range of more than fifty miles, is in operation on Start Island, near Portland. One of the equipment of the United States Lighthouse Service. On a clear night the beacon has been reported as visible in Philadelphia, more than eighty miles away.

Persia.

Persia or Iran, in the Old Testament called Elam, is situated in southwestern Asia. Its early history is mythical. For some time the country was ruled by the Medes, living to the north, but in the year 559 B.C. the Persians under Cyrus revolted against the Medes, overthrew the Medo-Babylonian monarch, conquered Asia Minor, and became masters of the East. Cyrus, the King of the Persians, was killed in battle in 529 B.C.

SLEEP FOR YEARS.

Many Cases Reported of People Who Slept for Long Periods.

Apart from the disease known as sleeping sickness, many cases are recorded by people having slept for exceedingly long periods.

An interesting example is the case of a doctor who slept almost without intermission for five weeks without giving any indication of the cause of his slumber.

Several specialists travelled a long distance to see him, and a portion of the bone of his skull was even cut out in the hope of relieving some blood pressure which it was thought might be the cause of his unconsciousness, but without avail.

Even more striking was the case of another man who was admitted to a hospital near New York, where he slept for seven weeks, during which time he was not awake more than ten hours. So profound was his slumber that although every electrical treatment was given to him, and hot and cold water applied alternately, they did not have any effect in awakening him.

Still more extraordinary as showing how profound emotion can affect the human brain is the case of a young man who lived at Buffalo.

Suddenly overcome with homicidal mania, one day he killed his mother and nearly murdered his father. He was sent to the State Asylum for the insane, where he quickly lapsed into a comatose condition.

For over two years he remained in this state. Then, without any warning, he got out of bed one day, asked where he was, and took up his life where he had left it off just before the murder.

His sister was sent for, but when she appeared he did not recognize her, nor did he remember that he had killed his mother.

How poisonous gas can affect the brain and so causesleep was shown by the case of a woman who was found suffering from inhaling carbon-monoxide gas.

The prompt action of physicians saved her life, and she was finally restored to a condition which appeared normal, except that no medical skill could awaken her from the sleep which was at first produced by the gas.

When food was put into her mouth she swallowed it, with the result that she did not lose weight. Her mind remained a blank except on two or three occasions, when she surprised her nurse by speaking a sentence or two, although even then she appeared to be as one talking in her sleep.

This sleep continued for two years and one month, when she died.

There is a case on record of a man whose sleep extended for a period of nine years, during which time his wife and two children died, his home was broken up, and he was placed in a lunatic asylum.

His sleep was divided into periods varying from twelve to fourteen months, intervals of consciousness which did not exceed three hours. The physicians were anxious to operate on him, but his wife, when alive, refused her consent, as she was afraid he would go mad.

Then there was the case of a French soldier who was called "the sleeper of Therela." When quite young she was married and had a baby. She was deserted by her husband, and, later, was accused of murdering the child.

When the gendarmes broke into her cottage to take her away, she fell at their feet and into a deep sleep which lasted for seventeen years, completely baffling the great physicians who attended her.

Salute and Its Origin.

The upraised hand by way of salute as friends pass has become very common. Sometimes it is done with hesitation, as though not an unusual greeting. It is not known the two persons concerned, but it is such a sign of heartiness that it aids the old world in moving along more smoothly.

Some light on the meaning of the salute was given by Major Tomes in a recent lecture in London on "Old Military Customs." Part of the drill and the explanations may cause some surprise. The fact that nowadays the hand was held open with the palm to the front, although a comparatively recent innovation, might be taken to be a relic of the raised and open hand which had then to be used as a sword. It was almost prehistoric times, denoting that nothing was concealed that might be used as a missile. The salute is also a sword, and was full of historical interest. The motion called "the recover" was surely a relic of the days of chivalry when the Crusader drew the sword before engaging in combat, and the cross was the cross-hilt of the sword.

The origin of the tattoo is also a matter of known. Major Tomes said the drum beats, to which nearly all our present marches started, originated in the days of knights, who were very proud of their drums and varied rolls. The word "tattoo" was derived from the old Dutch "tap toe," meaning a call to the inns or taverns. A certain hour the drummers marched from post to post in the town beating their drums. The First Post would be a signal for having taken their place to start their round, and the Last Post of their having reached its end. The expression "trail your pike" came down to us from the days of pikes. Furlough was a Dutch word, and used to be pronounced to rhyme with "cough."

Churches to Let.

There were many proprietary chapels in the days of the four Georges, of which Quebec Chapel in South Audley Street, London, is a present-day example.

Most of these belonged to great ground landlords, who let them to a clergymen at a certain rental. The landlord usually gave preference to a good preacher, as he drew a larger congregation and therefore a larger revenue.

It was, however, quite a speculation so far as the incumbent was concerned. He paid rent, rates, taxes, and undertook to keep the building in repair, in the hope of recouping himself out of pew rents and offertories.

Curzon Chapel, where Sunderland House now stands, was another proprietary chapel, and so were Berkeley Chapel, and St. George's Chapel in Albemarle Street. A dressmaking establishment now stands on the site of the latter.

Solution to Safety Cross Word Puzzle

SECRETS OF THE KREMLIN.

Story Which Links Peter the Great With Scottish Family.

Small countries have sometimes exercised great influence on world affairs, as witness the growth of the British Empire. But it is not generally realized how considerable a share one of the partners in that Empire, Scotland, has had in the development of European history, says London Answers.

This Scottish influence in continental affairs was for the most part unofficial. It was the work of individual Scotsmen who had been forced to leave their native land, usually for political reasons, and who found their way to all the courts and camps of Europe.

They even penetrated to Russia, which, in those days, was hardly regarded as part of Europe at all. Indeed, but for them, it is quite possible that Peter the Great would never have been born.

Peter's father, the Tsar Alexis Mihailovitch, frequently visited the house of Artamon Sierguieievitch Matvieief, who was his favorite counsellor. In those days Russian women were strictly confined to the "terem," or women's part of the house, which was as sacred as the women's apartments in Oriental countries. But Artamon Matvieief married a Hamilton, a feminine member of one of the Scottish loyalist families which fled to Russia after the triumph of Cromwell had sent him into exile. This lady had brought the manners of her native land into her new home, and her guests met the women of her family on exactly the same terms as if she had been entertaining at Edinburgh instead of in Moscow.

The tsar found this little oasis of Western culture and Western freedom very pleasant, especially after he met the adopted daughter of the Matvieiefs, Nathalia Naryshkin. This charming brunette was the daughter of a needy and obscure country gentleman, but her beauty seemed to the tsar far more important than riches. He fell in love with her, and she with him.

Matvieief, however, was more alarmed than pleased at the turn affairs had taken. He had already many enemies, and he feared the new relationship which the marriage would provoke. In the end, he yielded to the tsar's commands; but he begged that, in order to protect him from the intrigue and trickery which might otherwise be made against him, Alexis should follow the ancient custom of Russia, and Nathalia should live herself in the dormitory at the Kremlin.

The ordeal which Nathalia had to face was one strange and terrifying to a gently reared girl. Along with some dozens of other maidens, chosen by a rigorous process of selection from among the loveliest in all ranks of Russian society, she had to enter the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the tsars in Moscow, and take her place in a special suite of six rooms set aside for the purpose.

It was from these girls that the tsar would make his choice. The one on whom the Imperial favor fell would become first a grand duchess, and then Tsarina of all the Russias.

On this occasion all the ancient forms were scrupulously observed, but the result had, of course, been decided beforehand. On January 22nd, 1671, Alexis and Nathalia were married, and a little over a year later Peter the Great was born.

At that time Russia counted about as much in world affairs as China does to-day, but when Peter died, on January 28th, 1725, the Russian Empire was a force to be reckoned with. But would it have been so if a daughter of the Scottish house of Hamilton had not married a Russian nobleman, and so introduced into Russia these more liberal manners which enabled the Grand Duke Peter to find the beautiful girl whom he made his empress, and who became the mother of the great reformer?

Nor did the Scottish influence stop here. One of Peter's earliest confidants and friends was Patrick Gordon, a cousin of the then Duke of Gordon. James Bruce and a soldier of fortune, named Ogilvy, two other Scots, were also closely associated with the great tsar.

The Wonderful Worm.

The earthworm is a much-despised creature, against which war is waged in gardens and in back yards. But the earthworm makes agriculture and its many kindred activities possible. Without it our trees, plants, and so could not grow.

Observations taken in Yorubaland, West Africa, show that earthworms are capable of bringing to the surface annually in the form of "casts," 62,200 tons of soil per square mile. In less than thirty years every inch of soil to a depth of two feet is treated in this way, thus ensuring natural ventilation and drainage.

In an acre of average soil there are roughly 200,000 worms, each of which acts as a miniature mill, grinding the soil far more finely than any man-made contrivance could do. When the farmer ploughs his land, he merely does on a larger scale what worms have been doing for centuries.

DEADLY POISON OF MAYAS.

Chancatales Use It Against Political Enemies.

Camotillo is an indigenous poison, beside which all the aqua taffanas, the death beverages and the arsenical powders of ancient poisoners are comparatively feeble drugs.

A poison that will cause death six months or one year after being administered, a poison that not even the most careful physician has yet been able to detect—that is what in Central America is called "camotillo."

So writes R. J. Trusela, a journalist of San Salvador, who continues:

While at Roatan I met Padre Nicolas, an energetic man, a Spaniard. He told me the secret of the Mayas. Here is the story:

"I came to this tribe, called the Chancatales, which means 'the never defeated,' by order of my superior the Bishop of Copan. I am the only white man allowed in the tribe. Their city is many days inland. Scandals are scattered all over the woods, and every stranger who approaches is immediately signaled. If he persists and refuses to turn back, he will never be seen by his people again.

"The Chancatales clan is ruled by a group of wizards, or brujos, who have inherited the secrets of their forefathers. These wizards are the only ones who understand the preparation of the camotillo. This poison is a vegetable bulb very similar in appearance to a potato. It grows wild and cannot be found except by one who knows. The bulb is dried and passes through a series of manipulations until finally it is ground to powder. Then, according to the length of time taken to dry and grind it, in this same length of time it will work its fatal effect. A camotillo dried and ground in eleven moons will take effect in eleven moons to kill.

"The Maya medicine man will never release their poison to be used against the people. They only give it to be used against those whom they regard as their political enemies. They believe that when Honduras has been freed of politicians they can restore the Mayan power and prestige. Only yesterday one of the brujos left for La Ceiba. He certainly was on his way to deliver some chancatales.

After thanking Father Nicolas for his information, I decided to go to La Ceiba and take the boat back to Guatemala City, my final destination. The priest gave me as guide a young Indian with special orders to take care of me.

I arrived at La Ceiba in the afternoon and went to the hotel. The place was crowded—music, flowers, flags, festivity. I inquired what was going on, and was told that the candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency, Dr. F. J. Mejia and Dr. Geronimo Reyna, were there and that the feast was in their honor.

I had hardly taken possession of my room when my guide came to me. His face was pale and his features distorted—unusual, I asked him the reason for his joy. He answered:

"Camotillo has been given to those devils. In seven moons they will see what is good."

"To whom?" I asked anxiously.

"To those two over there," was his reply.

"These two" were the candidates, Mejia and Reyna. When I turned back my guide disappeared.

The Presidential campaign in Honduras was at its height. Mejia and Reyna were leading the field. Both were sturdy and strong men physically. They appeared in the best of health and spirits. I scanned the papers every morning, anxiously. The revelation made by the Maya who had come to my aid was handsome. One morning the newspaper came, with black borders: Mejia died in Tegucigalpa of a strange disease. He had died suddenly, like one stricken with paralysis. No plausible explanation of his death was ever given by the doctors. "Perhaps heart trouble—'quien sabe?'"

And before the month was over Reyna died in the same unaccountable manner.

The chancatales had accomplished its work. The mysterious poison of the Mayas never fails.

Clock Made of Straw.

A clock which from the point of view of curiosity and ingenuity probably surpassed any other is being exhibited in Munich, Germany. It is made entirely of straw, is an accurate timekeeper, and contains no springs. It has been going for seventeen years and has required no repairs during that time.

The mechanism consists of a weight of two hundred grammes, and an arrangement of eight pendulums instead of the usual wheels. Its front is built in the style of a miniature cathedral, the workmanship of the face being particularly fine.

The hands are moved by pressing a button. The necessary rigidity was obtained by filling a stalk of rye straw with several other stalks of lesser thicknesses. Rye straw has been used in the entire construction with the exception of the hands and numbers, which are of oat straw. The clock was built by a shoemaker of Strasburg.

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Egg Mash

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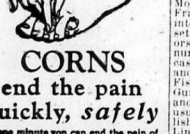

CORNS end the pain quickly, *safely*

In one minute you can end the pain of corns with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They end the misery of corns by eliminating the causes, *Friction-pressure*. No danger of infection from cutting or corrosive acids.

Zino-pads are *thin*; antiseptic, waterproof. They protect while they heal. Soon for corns, callouses and bunions. Call today and get a box of this *new, magic* corn treatment.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Worthy carry a complete line of Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Appliances and Remedies

The Haines Shoe Houses

Daily's Good Tea is dependable —When you buy a pound you know with certainty that you will serve a tea rich in flavor and of the proper strength, one that will make the members of your family or your guests exclaim, "What a splendid cup of tea." This famous brand for sale at WALLACE'S DRUG STORE.

Paul's Bookstore has been moved to a new location in the Rennie Block, which has been refitted for them.

Mrs. Freshman has presented to the Historical Society five pictures of the Ruins of Karnak, Luxor, and Thebes in Egypt.

Rev. Father Mea, of Kingston, has been appointed to the church at Centreville now vacant through the death of the late Father McCarthy.

At the request of the patrons, the series of "At Homes" given by Napanee Lodge No. 86, will be continued. The next "At Home" will be on Wednesday, May 13th.

On Thursday evening last, a number of friends of Mr and Mrs. C. D. Black staged a surprise party at their home, the occasion being the fourth anniversary of their marriage.

The Board of Works of the city of Kingston recommends to the council that no more permits be issued for gasoline pumps on the streets, and that all pumps now in use pay a yearly tax.

The remains of the late Mrs. Harriet M. McGuin, who died at her residence in Toronto on Friday, were brought to Napanee on Sunday and taken to Morven cemetery for interment.

Rev. R. Rickard greeted a great gathering at Grace Church Sunday night. He was there the first Sunday in May in 1924 and has promised to come in 1926. At League Monday night he greeted 326 people.

The annual inspection of the Collegiate Institute Cadets will be held on the campus Friday afternoon, May 8th, at 3 o'clock. The inspecting officer will be Capt. V. W. S. Heron. The public is cordially invited to be present.

The Ministerial Association held its annual session in St. Andrew's Church on Monday last. A very interesting paper on the "Epistle to the Galatians," was given by Rev. T. H. P. Anderson. The election of officers took place and the following were appointed: President, Rev. W. H. Tanton; vice-president, Rev. J. H. H. Coleman; sec.-treasurer, Rev. W. R. Merrick.

The Ladies' Aid of the Newburgh Co-operative Church have arranged to put on a concert in the auditorium of the church, on Tuesday evening, May 12, at 8 p.m. The main feature of the programme is to be a "Pageant of Famous Women," including a cast of 34 prominent ladies of Kingston. This programme was presented three times in Kingston to crowded houses and recently in Odessa, where the crowds could not be accommodated. Admission will be fifty cents for adults, twenty-five for children, twelve or under. This is the best treat of the season. Do not miss it.

"We love Him because He first loved us," 1 John 4-19; "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily as unto the Lord, and not unto men." Col. 3-23; "He giveth power to the faint and to them that hath no might, He increaseth strength." Isa. 40-29; "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Ps. 91-1; "We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need." Heb. 4: 15-16.

O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too;
And trust in His redeeming blood
And try His work to do.

A BIBLE LOVER.

Featured in the May issue of Rod and Gun in Canada, the special Quebec Tourist Number, are the delights and possibilities of this province for the tourist and sportsman. An editorial message from the Hon. J. E. Perrault, Minister of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries, introduces the province to the tourist and points out the many charms it holds for him. In "Remember the Time" Howard Steele recalls in the account of one fishing trip the good times enjoyed in this way, such which may be enjoyed by any fisherman who so wishes this summer. "Idyls of the Spring" by Mason B. Wollard, reveals the delights of canoeing and "Daylight and Dusk," by A. R. Douglas is an entertaining story of a duck hunt in the early hours of the morning. William MacMillan, in his usual interesting and masterly manner recounts the story of a pair of eagles on "The storm swept crags of the Jacques Cartier," in "The Eagles of the Pine." "The Wicked Fleeth" by Harry M. Moore and "The Greenhead" by Frank Young complete the list of interesting stories with a Quebec setting. The regular contributors are also represented in this number. The stories from Bonnycastle Dale and Martin Hunter and the various departments, Fishing Notes, Outdoor Talk, Guns and ammunition, Kennel and the Trap, all come up to their usual mark of excellence. Published monthly by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Woodstock, Ont.

WHERE RESTS YOUR LOVED ONE

there place the most enduring, the most beautiful evidence of your affection and devotion possible to obtain—a monument in imperishable **Marble or Granite,** designed, carved and erected by us, specialists in this work.

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Talk it over with

WM. M. HOWITT,
Napanee, - Ontario

PERSONALS

(All our readers are cordially invited to hand in, or send in, any news they may have for this column).

Capt. D. M. Ham spent last week in Toronto.

Mrs. Bristol, Toronto, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. G. D. Hawley.

Mr. Arthur Kimmerly attended the meeting of the Shriners in Toronto last week.

Mr. Russell Williams, Toronto, was in Napanee a couple of days last week.

Miss Lillie Hartman, Toronto, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Hartman.

Mrs. J. F. Smith is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Edgerton Boyce, Port Hope.

Messrs. J. A. Vandewater and Geo. D. Robson attended the Shriner's meeting in Toronto last week.

Messrs. Orval and Bruce Madden, Toronto, and Mrs. Best, Wellington, were in Napanee this week attending the burial of their mother.

Mr. Ross C. Bush left on Sunday for his home in Detroit, Mich., after spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. R. Z. Bush, South Napanee.

Miss Helen Loyst, Miss Marjorie Trumpour and Miss Vera Ballance, will attend Convocation at Queen's University on Wednesday to receive their B.A. Degrees.

Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Richardson spent a day with Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Doller enroute to Montreal, where they sail on Saturday on the S. S. Aurania for a three months trip abroad, visiting England, France and Belgium. On their return they will visit New York, Washington and Baltimore, thence to Virginia, where Mr. Richardson will attend a railway Superintendents Convention. Mr. Richardson is an old Napanee boy and is at present superintendent of the terminals at Port William and Port Arthur.

MARRIAGES.

Friar—Hughes—At Arden, on Wednesday, April 29th, 1925, by the Rev. A. J. Terrill, B.A., B.D., assisted by Rev. H. B. Neal, Miss Margretta Hughes, formerly Missionary teacher at Oxford House, and daughter of Thomas Hughes, Esq., to Rev. Harold E. Frair.

DEATHS

Hoare—At Strathcona, on Monday, May 4th, 1925, Adeline Hoare, wife of Rev. H. Hoare, aged 56 years, 8 months.

McGuin—At Toronto, on Friday, May 1st, 1925, Harriet Matilda McGuin, formerly of Morven.

McKeown— At Roblin, on Thursday, April 30th, 1925, Margaret Jane McKeown, aged 90 years, 10 months.

Robertson—At Kingston, General Hospital, on Saturday, May 2nd, 1925, Frank Robertson, of Richmond, aged 72 years, 5 months.

Spearing—At Conway, on Tuesday, April 28th, 1925, Rose Spearing, aged 85 years, 2 months.

Wagons for sale—See the Mills Co's Adv.

GOODWOOD HOUSE.

One of the Most Picturesque Country Seats In the South of England.

Goodwood House, where the King usually stays during his visit in the last of the Society race meetings, is one of the most picturesque country seats in the south of England.

Situated upon a hilltop overlooking the vast weald of Sussex, whose ancient forestry stretches miles to the west, it is a historic landmark to the hundreds of residents who live in the thatched hamlets that nestle beneath it.

Goodwood Park, surrounding the famous house, is acknowledged to be one of the richest in trees in the British Isles. Some thirty species of oak grow on the hillsides and its cedars are unrivalled in this country, whilst there are more than four hundred varieties of American trees and shrubs.

The picturesque racecourse, named after the estate, was established in 1802, but its present popularity commenced in 1825 and was due entirely to the enterprise and sporting exertions of Lord George Bentinck.

In recent years the great house has had to undergo some extensive repairs, but these have in no way interfered with the grandeur of the interior.

The rooms the King usually occupies are known as the "tapestry suite," on account of the costly hangings upon the walls. His Majesty's bedroom is furnished with dark oak of the Jacobean period, and contains some excellent specimens of carving. The toilet set, used on the occasion of royal visits only, is of special interest. It is of pure gold, and was a present from Charles II. to Nell Gwynne.

The supreme feature of the whole building is the great dining-room, Egyptian in style. In it, with little imagination, one is transported back to the ancient times of the Pharaohs. The high walls are of scarlola, whilst the magnificent chimney-piece, covered with hieroglyphics, is of massive marble.

About the room are to be seen gorgeous vases of Egyptian porphyry. There is a breakfast-service in the house which was used by Napoleon on the morning of Waterloo, and the whole conception of the furnishing of the room is said to have come from a veteran of Napoleon's Egyptian campaign.

A wonderfully ornamented apartment is the huge library. Book-lovers of every nation will find much to interest them amongst the thousands of neatly-arranged volumes which compose this magnificent collection of the world's most famous works.

Wagons for sale—See the Mills Co's Adv.

Fancy Jabots, Priced at 75c., $1.00, $1.25

Pleated Jabots of fine net lace trimmed, or all lace, finished with tailored bows of colored ribbon.

The styles are cascade or side pleated, in Ecru and Cream shades.

"Plump she is, but plumpness does not mar her beauty,"

said the mother of her fair daughter.

Bless the dear mothers that cannot see anything lacking in their children and whose good cheer under all circumstances through life's rainy days, as well as at other times, keep us going in spite of our set-backs.

What a fortune we inherited in our mothers who never lost confidence in us.

Don't lose step not even for a minute.

Harvey Silk Hose, $1.00 Pair

With elastic mercerized ribb top, to give extra wear the silk is twisted with a thread of lisle. Reinforced heels and toes.

Shades Hoggar, Circassin, Black. All sizes.

Our "May" Values are Unsurpassable

Choose with Confidence at Robinson's

Specially Reduced Prices will Prevail on Women's and Misses' Spring Coats

Thursday, Friday and Saturday - May 7th, 8th, 9th

It has been known for years and years that our Women's and Misses' Coat Department offered the greatest coat values obtainable anywhere. Whatever amount you desired to put in a coat, we always gave you the greatest value for it.

Robinson's prices have always been bed-rock in the first place.

Robinson's styles are the very smartest.

Robinson's fabrics are the most dependable.

Robinson's tailoring is the best bench-work.

Starting Thursday, May 7th, we are placing on sale a limited number of our new Spring Coats possessing all the charms of the 1925 season. We urge all our women to take advantage of these splendid savings.

Note values listed below.

GROUP NO. 1

Regular Values up to $12.95, Sale Price $9.95. Misses' Sizes Only.

The stunningly styled coats in this group are made from sturdy, dependable, all wool Polo Cloth. The assortment is about equally divided between tailored and wrap styles. These garments are particularly good for girls' school wear.

Featured in Sand, Rust and Heather shades. Many are trimmed with colored insets, others have novelty pockets and standing collars.

GROUP NO. 2

Features Extraordinary Special Purchase Marked $14.95 to Clear.

One of our regular coat makers was clearing his racks and offered us these garments at greatly reduced prices. We snapped them up quickly—marked them closely and are passing them on to you with our compliments. They are excellently tailored from superior quality Polo Cloths and Velours.

Obtainable in shades of Sand, Tan, Rust, Rose, Cadet, Grey and Castor. Sizes to 38.

Do not under-estimate the importance of this sale.

None of the values can be duplicated.

All Coats carry our guarantee.

GROUP NO. 3

Regular Values to $26.50, Sale Price $18.95. Women's and Misses' Sizes

The woman who travels or motors will find choosing here a great delight, as these coats are particularly adaptable. They are divided between "Prince of Wales" tailored styles and slim, side fastening wrap effects.

Obtainable are coats in Tricotine, Polo and Tweeds.

Each coat is an individual master-piece.

GROUP NO. 4

Regular Values to $45.00. Sale Price $25.00

Coats on sale in this group possess all the mid-season's ideas in styles and ornamentations. The June Bride herself, could successfully choose her top-coat here.

The range of colors feature Rosewood, Tile, Grey, Reindeer, Navy and Black, while Twills, Duvetyns, Tweeds and Crepes are the materials employed. Assorted sizes.

If you intend to buy a new Coat this Spring, buy in this Sale. Prices have been hammered below bed-rock, quality however, remains untouched. Valu es cannot be surpassed in Canada. We invite your inspection.

THE MODE CHANGES—LARGER HATS APPEAR ON THE MILLINERY HORIZON

Just now the show-rooms in all our Canadian Manufacturers are displaying larger hats. The mid-summer hat will possess a larger brim. These, when combined with colored facings and ornamented with flowers, embroideries and ribbons, present many beautiful effects.

Robinson's millinery department is offering a unique assemblage of these picturesque creations. They are obtainable in all the authentic modes, while the Gloria Swanson shapes are particularly outstanding. Featured are all the good colors.

Priced too, within reach of all.
We invite your early inspection.

DURO DYE FADELESS FABRICS

There is a greater satisfaction when you wear garments made of Duro Dye Sun and Tub Fast Fabrics. Every piece of material dyed in the Duro Dye way is guaranteed fast color. Should they fade from any cause, garments will be replaced free of charge.

Our stock of Duro Dye fabrics is well assorted and offers you a good selection in Ginghams, Chambrys, Zephyrs, Nurses Cloths and Broadcloths.

Duro Dye Broadcloths in very neat stripes for shirt waists and Men's Shirts, come in shades of Blue, Mauve, also Black on a Cream ground. 32 in. wide at $1.25 yard. This you will find a most serviceable material that will give long and satisfactory wear.

Duro Dye Oxfords come 28 in. wide, patterns are stripes in shades of Blue and Mauve, priced at 45c. yd. Very desirable for Men's or Boys' shirts or shirt waists.

Duro Dye Zephyrs are 34 in. wide, two qualities in stripe patterns. The shades are Blue, Mauve and Blue Grey. Priced at 50c. and 60c. yd.

In Duro Dye Ginghams there is a neat overcheck pattern in shades of Mauve, Blue, Green, Yellow and Black. Full 36 in. wide, moderately priced at 50c. yd.

Duro Dye Chambry comes 36 in. wide, in shades of Green, Mauve, Sky and Delf Blue. Most useful for dresses, trimmings and curtains. Priced at 65c. yd.

ROLLER BLIND SPECIAL, 98 CENTS EACH

We secured fifteen dozen Roller Blinds from the largest manufacturer of blinds in Canada. The price at which we purchased these blinds will enable us to pass them on to you at practically whole sale prices. They are made from extra heavy oil opaque cloth, mounted on the best shade rollers. Come in full regulation size, 37 inches wide by 6 feet long.

"CANADIAN AND ENGLISH TAPESTRIES"

Come this season in numerous attractive patterns. The colorings are so nicely blended, they will not clash with your other home surroundings. The values too, are exceptionally attractive. Our final Spring shipment arrived this week and are now on display in our house furnishing department. These goods measure 48 and 50 inches wide, the prices are $1.75, $2.00, $2.50, $3.95, $4.50, $4.95, $5.00, $5.25 and $6.50 per yard.

You'll find these tapestries particularly attractive for upholstering. Ask to see our special $2.00 line.

THE ROBINSON CO.—THE NEW HOME OF BUTTERICK PATTERNS

We wish to announce that we have taken over the exclusive sale for Napanee of

THE WELL-KNOWN BUTTERICK PATTERNS

A full stock will be on sale at all times.
All Butterick requirements can be had here.

YOUNG MEN'S AND MEN'S GOLF HOSE IN SIZES 10, 10 1-2 AND 11· SPECIAL VALUE AT $1.00 PAIR

Heather Brown shades, also Lovat shades with contrasting stripes across the top, of Blue and Green yarn.

These are an exceptionally attractive lot and besides that they are guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Men--You'll like the Styles of our "Biltmore" Hats

If they didn't have style you wouldn't care how fine they were.

"Biltmore" Master Hats of Canada combine smart style with quality. Prices $3.50 and $5.00.

OLD HICKORY—BLUE CHAMBRY, EXTRA QUALITY KHAKI MEN'S SHIRTS OF TOOKE QUALITY AT $1.50 EACH

These are made by Tooke in their famous "Jess Willard" large size and splendid fit. You will find them vastly superior to any other shirt at $1.50.

Remember also that we have the best $1.00 Work Shirts in Canada today, made in fairly dark cloths from the Dominion Textile Mills. Good decent sized shirts of good material.

Quality, Service, Value.

THE ROBINSON CO.
LIMITED

We close at 10 p.m. Saturdays. Other days at 5.30 p.m.